

CASTLE of

No. 5



Still Only  
35c

# FRANKENSTEIN

Edgar Rice Burroughs'  
**FRANKENSTEIN**

*THE EVIL OF  
FRANKENSTEIN*

Lane  
Jewel



*The PETER  
LORRE Story*





KARLOFF: 1914

# CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

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#### FRONT COVER

A dramatic rendering of a scene from E. R. Bur-  
KE'S "FRANKENSTEIN MINI," as imagined by  
one of today's top-ranking illustrators of EB's  
works. Jerry Cole.

#### INSIDE FRONT

Cap'd done it again with this rare still of Boris  
Karloff as he appeared on stage (fifty years ago), alone and unadorned.

#### INSIDE BACK:

This excellent portrait shot of The Grand Old  
Mother, Mr. Karloff, as he appears today, in  
BLACK SABBATH (AIP, 1964).

#### OUTSIDE BACK:

Percussively the psychopathic incubus in a scene  
from THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS (Warner  
Bros., 1946). Peter Lorre makes the kick so  
plunging off the set down the hill. By his side,  
a Ms. author, Andrea King.

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## GOLIATH AND THE VAMPIRES

# Frankenstein

## movieguide

**BURNING COURT, THE**—(108m, Translux). Slow & predictable French mystery with supernatural overtones, set in eerie German castle. Badly dubbed. Nadia Tiller, Jean-Claude Brialy, Claude Rich.

**CHILOREH OF THE DAMNED**—(98m, Bodman—MGM, 1963). British semi-deepie to 1960's *Village of the Damned*, introducing similar characters and building up some real excitement in several scenes. Not up to the original, but well made. Photographed by the photographer of *The Human Condition*. Some interesting ideas about the behavior of mankind and the psychology of aggression. First rate cast includes Ian Hendry, Alan Badel, Clive Revill, Barbara Ferris.

**COMEDY OF TERRORS, THE**—(88m, Al, 1963). Color, Penevision. You can't win them all, and veteran fantasy-director Jacques Tourneur proves it by coming up with a very ordinary movie. Don't expect much from a bunch of a couple of bumbling undertakers out to dig us some business. Some laughs, but not too many. Vincent Price, Boris Karloff, Peter Lure, Boris Rathbone, Joyce Jameson.

**CORRIDORS OF BLOOD**—(105m, Amalgamated). Overture (1961, British) comic plot which gets more shot-in-arm by Boris Karloff's presence. Quirky, hairy-handed gorefests. Some scenes reminiscent of his old mad doctor days at Columbia. Belita St. John, Christopher Lee, Finlay Currie.

**CREATION OF THE HUMANOID**—(75m, Emerson). Eastman color. Minor s/f set in future after World War III, when automation goes wild. Dan Megowans, Karl Malden.

**DEAD RINGER**—(115m, WB, 1964). Bette Davis buffs will love her in this old-fashioned shocker about twin sisters who love to, er, cut up. Anybody else had better beware this title, badly done, programmer. Kurt Maleden, Peter Lawford, George Macready.

**DEVIL'S MESSENGER, THE**—(72m, Heris-Lion). Interesting but unimportant 3-part grade-B international mini-series. TV series (#12 *Devon Street*) by Curt Siodmak. Filmed in Sweden, with Lon Chaney, Karen Koder, John Crawford.

**DOLL, THE**—(100m, Karzowka, 1963). Controversial, morbid, macabre. Sordid, sordid-sadomasochistic drama which was banned in England. A young man falls in love with a decrepit store mannequin, and it's not as ridiculous as it may sound. Reminiscent of an excellent episode of TV's *The Twilight Zone*. Well acted by Per Oscarsson, Gila Golan, Ric Abarca.

**DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb**—(93m, U.K.). A mad, outlandish, outrageous and refreshingly irreverent satire on the cold war. It's a movie that brings pointed stuff sandwiched in between some other, more conventional comedy devices. But when on target it's aim is deadly. Peter Sellers (3 roles), George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, Slim Pickens, many others.

**HAUNTED PALACE, THE**—(Al). Porneo, Porneo Color. Captain's 3rd Picayune film, recently based on Lovecraft's "Court of Chaos Dexter Ward". Horror, sorcery & return from death, with the inevitable Phoebe, also Elihu Root, Lon Chaney, Debra Paget.

**HELL-FIRE CLUB, THE**—(93m, Embassy, All About Merry Old England in the 18th Century. The infamous Hell-Fire Club which created various popular recreational devices for members such as orgies, brawls, murders, etc. Peter Cushing, Keith Mitchell, Peter Arne.

**KISS OF THE VAMPIRE**—(88m, Hammer-UK). One of the best Hammer's ever made. Two hairy, comical, orgiastic vampires cult in Bavaria. Devil cult, macabre, macabre, macabre, gory bats, etc. Handsomely produced, skilfully directed, smoothly acted. Clifford Evans, Noel Willman, Edward De Souza.

**LORD OF THE FLIES**—(90m, Two Arms). Schoolboys, evacuated in WW III, are marooned on small island, and degenerate to savagery. Dumb, power-hungry, uncivilized adventure horror fable, based on book, though by William Golding. Slightly erratic and disjointed, it finally emerges as a stunning spine-chiller with inexplicable moral significance. James Aubrey, Tom Chapin, Hugh Edwards.

**MADMAN OF MAHBODAS**—(74m, Green-Lit, 1964). Grade C science fiction horror-movie Nazis preserve the living head of Hitler to spread terror and hatred in the world. Variety rightly called this third-rate mess "Toxicific poison". Walter Stocker, Audrey Care, Dale Lyons.

**MANIAC**—(87m, Col.) Some good scenes with Jimmy Smeggs, but the whole thing combines in giving this British effort a cold, calculating force as insane killer Donald Houston stalks Nedra Gray and Kerwin Mathews.

**MISADVENTURES OF MERLIN THOMES, THE**—(88m, Buena Vista, 1963). The title is an apt one, because this is one of the most more bewitching Disney has yet turned out in the name of *Merlin Thomas*. The adventures of a high-school wizard with an electronic helmet which supposedly records his mental output, one of which there is very little, both on screen and in the audience. Poor on courses Tommy Kirk, Annalise, Leon Ames, Kelly Thorsen, Color.

**MY NAME IS IVAN**—(84m, Shore, 1963). Often deeply moving Russian-made drama told in fantasy terms. A 12-year old boy (Kolya Butirov) becomes a spy for the Soviet army. Tales often mostly in dreamlike flashbacks which alternate between daydream and nightmare. Occasionally sentimental, mostly arresting and well done.

**GOLD DARK HOUSE, THE**—(86m. Hammer-Col.) Once more William Castle has picked upon Hammer Studios to knock off another one of his disappointments. (The original made in '32, however, was fine.) This may eventually lead to a new "Hammer" dynasty, starring Robert Morley, Joyce Grenfell, Tom Poston.

**PANORADIC**—(80m. Hammer-U.S.) Script by Songster, produced by Anthony Hinds. Milder interpretation of Hammer's own well-cold-blooded drama set in a large English country estate. Oliver Reed, Janette Scott.

**PYRO — THE THING WITHOUT A FACE**—(99m. Pink-Az. 1963) ParaColor. Produced in Spain, this should be called the Thing Without a Plot, because what little there is needs familiar, fund-ground "Enginedrome" (Sullivan's) to make it interesting with cold, commanding Martha Hyer and is disfigured in a fire she sets. So naturally he comes back for revenge and the audience goes out for fresh air.

**SADIST, THE**—(94m. Farney-Intl. 1963) A delightful little piece of Americana from the pen of EGAH! (Eugene Greenberg) master of brutality, sexism and horror all depicted in graphic color. It's as American as the hot-dog, but as revolting as EGAH! Arch Hall, Marilyn Monroe.

**SHOCK CORRIDOR**—(101m. AA) Fort color Neurotopian tracks mad killer into insane asylum, then goes mad himself. Wild, imaginative, frightening, mysterious, suspenseful, eerie, fantastic dream sequences; good performances Peter Brack, Constance Towers, Gene Evans.

**STRAIT-JACKET**—(89m. Col.) Gory, messy horror-shocker, dependent on its ability to was Psycho & Baby Jane type fare & on John Crawford for possible box office success. Some styles, some scenes, some comedy, some gore, some production and scripting woes in another William Castle production.



## ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS

**"SWORD IN THE STONE, THE"**—(80m. B.W. 1963) Absorbing Disney cartoon feature which is thankfully free of rock. Based on T.H. White's book with significant scene borrowed of King Arthur. Lots of fun, magic, technical proficiency and striking, brilliant use of Technicolor. A visual wonder.

**TALKING BEAR, THE**—(85m. Embassy) Fair minor French comedy-fantasy about a talking bear. Francois Blanche, Renato Rascel.

**"TERROR, THE"**—(80m. Filmgroup-AA) Color Roger Corman establishes himself as a highly creative, though not particularly gifted, director. Much atmosphere, chill & mood in tale of a drafty castle, witchcraft, haunted woods, tombs, and corpses that aren't really dead. Ingmar Bergman-like in some ways, it is one of the few films to include most important stars in many years. Pic was actually shot in three days. Boris Karloff.

**"THESE ARE THE DAMNED**—(Hammer). Very unusual, from the novel "Children of Light and Strange" story of twisted, warped government which has created ice cold children locked up in "underground hell." Vivien Leigh, Oliver Reed, MacDonald Carey.

**"TRIAL, THE"**—(118m.) Brilliant, terrifying excursion into a nightmare world of the mind. Kafka, author of the modern classic upon which this film is based. Otto Preminger directed. Fantastic, beautifully creative photography, profoundly symbolic story. One of the greatest films ever made. Filmed in France. Anthony Perkins, Name Schneider, Jeanne Moreau, Akira Takarai, Orson Welles.

**TWICE-TOLD TALES**—(119m. USA) Color Based on 3 weird-fantasies by Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," "Rappaccini's Daughter," "The House of the 7 Gables." Vincent Price also appears in the original "Cask of Amontillado." Greatly overrated. Tasteful, atmospheric & well directed. UA treats Hawthorne nicely & respectfully. With Sebastian Cabot, Price, Beverly Garland, Richard Denning.

**VAMPIRE & THE BALLERINA, THE**—(78m. USA) Italian made horror, combining gaudy art nouveau castles and vampires, gothic atmosphere.

**WEREWOLF IN A GIRLS DORMITORY**—(82m. Altura-MGM) Trophy Birt-Hall crud, formerly known as "Lycanthropus." The new title is irrelevant. The thoroughly useless pic & all, the older one would have been in too good taste. Cliff Schell, Curt Lowens, Barbara Lass.

**THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH**, based upon the story by E. A. Poe and considered to become possibly AIP's all-time horror boxoffice hit by what fans seems to be saying and what the raving reviewers appear to be ranting (in most ecstatic words, we hasten to add). Stretched out across the Carmonish sacrificial altar is Hazel Court screaming (thought by some to be the daughter of the famous Lord Alfred Tennis Court who was noted for writing "Eye Dolls of the King.") or something).



# THE EVIL OF



# FRANKENSTEIN

## Story In Brief:

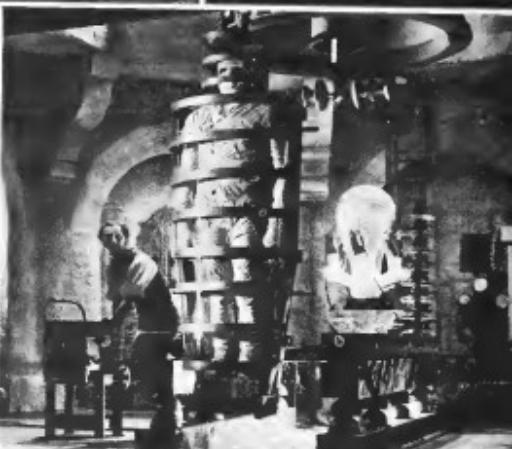
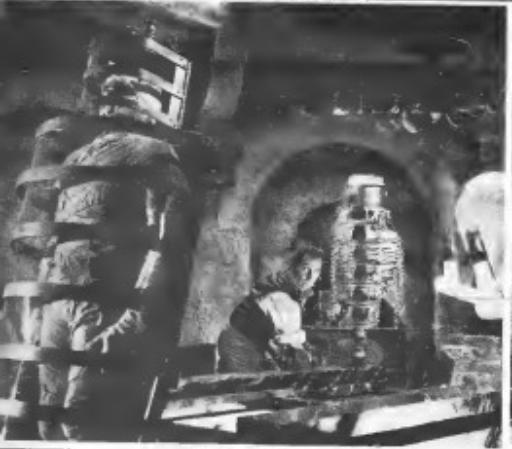
Baron Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) is back in the creation-of-life-business. As the story unfolds, there is mourning in the house of a dead man, who isn't left to rest alone for even a few minutes before a body-snatcher, working for the Baron, steals the corpse. The Baron pays the snatcher, then proceeds to cut out the heart. A priest, aspersing the Baron of "blasphemous" experiments, causes a commotion, wrecks some of the scientific apparatus, infuriating Frankenstein so much that he is nearly killed.

Hans, the Baron's assistant, thinks that now they've been more or less "discovered," they should leave before things get hot. The Baron now feels that perhaps it's time they returned to his old home town Karlstad anyway, for it's many years since the moment he was forced to leave unceremoniously (in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, 1957), and "Peasants have short memories anyway, Hans."

In their surreptitious return, the Baron and Hans discover that the Chateau Frankenstein (a drawing of which can be found on the contents page of each issue of CoF) has been looted and left in a total state of abandonment. The Baron then tells Hans how he, as a younger man, began experimenting with the creation of life and the way it led to the making of the monster. As the Baron tells the story, we are taken back thru a short series of flashbacks into the several events which the Baron describes, although they are in no way similar to or even partially extracted from any of the preceding Hammer films. During the flashback story, the Baron has at his fingertips all of the finest pieces of electrical equipment available — in fact, far more elaborate than any of the quainter, old-fashioned but more original bits of apparatus evident in the earlier Hammer films . . . there are enough walls with switches fraught with short-circuits, sparks flying and charges of ultra-high voltage to satisfy even the maddest about watts.

Dr. Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) is checking over a human heart he has just taken out of a fresh corpse.





As the Baron nears the conclusion of his story-in-flashback, there is the unavoidable tendency of sensing that the film resembles more of the earlier days of Universal, which were long on action and gadgets but short on depth, than the kind of material on which Hammer founded itself and built a reputation, which used to be: not to sacrifice depth, good acting and mood for the sake of gadgetry and head-and-blundering.

Finally, the flashback (and most interesting portion of *Evil*) comes to an end as the typically angry villagers, led by the usual burgomaster and usual inspector (which we thought went out 20 years ago), ran the monster down to an apparent death as it falls into a gorge high up in the mountains.

Fascinated by the story, Hans goes with the Baron to the village (which has a carnival going on) for some obscure reason — perhaps to see who's still around after all these years, or maybe because they're hungry from the long trip and would like to go into an inn for tankards of borscht and a course of sour cream, lox and bagels. In the inn, the Baron suddenly becomes unmanageable and infuriated as he recognizes the Burgomaster (and his fantastically shapely wife) and sees him wearing a favorite Frankenstein ring, apparently part of the valuable property looted years ago from the Baron's chateau. Now discovered because of his outburst, he and Hans are forced to flee. They hide in the tent of the Great Zoltan, a traveling sideshow hypnotist and charlatan, but are soon traced there by the gendarmes, from whom they flee again — this time the Baron and Hans run to the adjacent mountains to hide. While there, a deaf-dumb beggar girl they've befriended shows them the cave where she lives and offers them shelter. Later that night, the Baron awakens in the cave's depths, hearing a sound; then, gets up, walks and sees the girl apparently mauling at something she has seen. The Baron is astonished at what he sees: it is his own monster, apparently preserved all these years amid the rocks in a huge block of glacial ice (surrounded by Saran-Wrap). Building a huge fire, they melt the monster out of the "ice." But once the Baron and Hans bring the creature back to the chateau, he cannot make it respond even though he brings it back to life. This is where the Baron gets the idea of having Zoltan, the side-show hypnotist, use his powers to bring the monster out of his coma. However, once Zoltan is brought to the chateau, he drives a hard bargain and forces Baron Frankenstein to agree to a partnership if the monster is to be brought to consciousness.

From the time Zoltan is brought into the picture, the Baron's luck starts



Through a series of excellent Hammer photos, Dr. Frankenstein has just finished another session in bringing the monster to life on the opposite page. ABOVE: In Universal's *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN* (1942), the Monster was encased in ice. This time, unfortunately, he tries but winds up enshrouded in a plastic blister pack (or is it Saran-Wrap) just in time for Thanksgiving Day and Xmas. BELOW: Could be the Bride of Frankenstein waiting by his side while Dr. Cushing makes him well again. But it's not. It's actually Maria Ouspenskaya, Jr., it seems, waiting to go into her Gypsy music routine.





Back in the lab again, after rescuing monster Kiwi Kingston from a fate worse than Saran-Wrap, we find the boys busy up above. While to the left, they're now almost sorry they didn't take that long-needed excursion to Visaria that Igor (away on vacation at the time) recommended. Lower left: A scowling Cushing realizes that the hypnotist, having absolute control over the monster, may make trouble. Or maybe he's scowling (below) because the Monster is leaving the movie set as he says, "You'd leave, too. I just finished reading the rest of the script!"



Over on the opposite page, Kiwi Kingstan is seen as the Monster in various poses enough times to remind us that we can thank heaven the original Universal versions have been made and are available!



to run out. For, unfortunately Zoltan is greedy and viciously spiteful: he gives the monster hypnotic commands to go into the village on various nights on different errands, such as stealing gold from the church, and "punishing" the Burgomaster and the Chief of Police (Zoltan has a grudge against them too since they ordered him out of town and spoiled his business). The "punishments", however, result in a crushing death for the Burgomaster (another scene proving that the monster could make a fortune from wrestling) and a similar death for an innocent policeman.

Frankenstein is livid with rage upon discovering to what sordid use Zoltan has put his creation, the monster. Nearly killing Zoltan in anger, he throws him out of the chateau. Zoltan sneaks back, however, and orders the monster to kill the Baron out of revenge for being tossed out. During the ensuing scuffle, the Baron warns the drunken gloating Zoltan to beware lest the monster destroy him; the monster, confused by conflicting orders of whom to destroy, finally succumbs to Baron Frankenstein's command and impales Zoltan with an iron spear (similar in manner to Cushing's impalement of the Munum in '59).

Meanwhile, the Chief of Police ~~arrives~~ to the fact that Frankenstein and his monster are back in business once more at the old stand, and intends doing something about it. However, the beggar girl and Hans lead the monster into hiding back in the mountains while Frankenstein is arrested and placed in jail, from which he escapes anyway by subduing a guard. The girl, Hans, and the monster return together to the chateau almost like Snow White and 2 of the 7 Dwarfs, unaware that a peasant posse has been organized to stamp out Frankenstein's monster activities. While the posse of typically angry villagers garbed in Tyrolean clothing marches on to the chateau, Frankenstein is racing through the countryside on a cart in an attempt to save his monster and his whole career. Too late, the monster is unmanageable, having broken into a cache of booze — then it drinks up a bottle of chloroform and starts stamping around the laboratory in agony, upsetting delicate apparatus, causing damage — in short, making a mess of things. With the villagers close at hand, the Baron attempts to save the monster in vain, as his lab and, finally, the entire chateau is enveloped in flames, and then explodes in a manner typical of so many others of the genre. The ending, of course, leaves room to speculate that the Baron and the monster may yet appear in a sequel, though we hope not if it's planned as ineptly as this disappointing rehash.





Above, we can't help being reminded that death by impalement (or by spearing) seems to be one of Hammer's favorite ways of doing away with someone (it happened already in *THE MUMMY* and in *THE NIGHT CREATURES*). Perhaps this, the poorest of the Hammer's, was enough to drive (below) both Cushing and Kingston to drink . . . or maybe, at the right, it was enough to make the Monster girl-crazy. Over on the opposite page are concluding scenes of a film that has been more of a hord, sad task to pon than, perhaps, any CoF has reviewed to date.



## Critical Comment

Legends often grow around favorite gods and idols. So has it been around Hammer, for most loyal fans have held on to the line, or theory, that "They can do no wrong!" But fact is that Hammer not only can but in *EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN* has turned back the clock (we're almost tempted to say turned back to schlock) when pictures were being made with many errors simply because 20 or more years ago the industry was a lot younger, consequently less experienced. Actually, there are a number on our staff who think that three of the weakest in Universal's P-W-D series were even better made, and these are: *Frank Meets Wolfman*, *Son of Drac* and *The House of Frank*. Yet this is going back a generation!

So what has Hammer proven? Not much, except that a kind of quality identified with most of their films is evincing signs of vanishing along with the care and flair for high-action drama usually synonymous with the Hammer name.

Among other weaknesses in the film, of course, is the movie's script itself. Certainly this could not be the "New" monster, after all these years! Heaven forbid . . . more like the creature in *I WAS A TEENAGE GARBAGECAN*.

Now, in the name of horror movie justice, for this we've waited six long years since the last decent *Frankenstein* film was made?

By mentioning *I WAS A TEENAGE HEAP*, this isn't meant to imply that Hammer Films have fallen on evil times. Probably an A-bomb could fall on Hammer tomorrow, and they'd still turn out great things and not crud like *PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE*, *ROBOT MONSTER*, *FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER*, anything as impossible to digest as *MADMAN OF MANDORAS*, as shecimable as *BLOOD FEAST* and *THE FLESH EATERS*. It takes a special brand of callous, unesthetic barbarism to turn out such things.

Hammer can thank Yog-Sothoth that its product is wholly British, that its color is splendid (although a color consultant on title lettering for *EVIL* seemed to have been wanting this time) and that it has people like Peter Cushing to depend upon . . . still, we've never seen Peter looking more bored and distressed.

Summing it all up — *EVIL* looks like the quickest quickie Hammer's ever made. But all doesn't seem to be quite lost, and latest news, direct to us from our European correspondent Mike Parry, is that Hammer has quite a bit more up its filmic sleeve: Forthcoming is *THE GORGON*, due sometime this fall, and advance word to us has it that it will be one of their greatest from all present indications. This would be a perfect opportunity for Hammer to redeem itself. We shall wait and see.

—Nicholas Morgan





# PETER LORRE: A Personal Reminiscence BY WILLIAM K. EVERSON

I can't profess to have been a friend of Peter Lorre, or even to have known him particularly well. But our paths crossed in Hollywood a few times, and he was such a charming yet appropriately bizarre little man that I've remembered our few meetings with far more pleasure than those with stars who are perhaps "more important," or whom I have known rather better.

I first met Lorre in the summer of 1955, when he, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, John Ericson and Debra Paget were starring in a one-hour television melodrama for CBS. One-hour TV shows then were more important, and less common, than now, but not necessarily of greater stature. I can't remember its title, and I'm sure few others can — except possibly its director, Buzz Kulick, who is now quite a "name" both in TV and, to a lesser degree, in theatrical movies. It was one of his biggest assignments to date.

The show was a melodrama with an Oriental motif, and CBS had built a handsome Oriental garden as the basic set. Lorre and Hardwicke were the villains, playing it suavely and with far more polish than the script really warranted. When I dropped in on the shooting, they'd been rehearsing carefully for days. The lengthy rehearsals were occasioned not just because it was a big show, which required care, but also because Lorre, in his half-brained way, and Hardwicke, in his restrained and underplayed way, clownned it up whenever the clichés got too much for them. Lorre took particular delight in letting Hardwicke finish a lengthy speech, and then tearing his hair in mock despair. "They'll need English subtitles if you keep talking in that accent!" he'd scream, "Let's do it over in American!" But he was too much of a professional to waste production money; his clowning was during dry runs only, or after the cameras had stopped rolling. The crew loved him, and I suspect that Hardwicke was a little jealous that his own clowning — a drier wit of course — didn't get the same immediate response that Peter's broader humour did.

Continued on Page 16

Above: Lorre as he was in *STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR* (RKO, 1940). Below: World-famous cartoonist Hirshfeld (who appears regularly in *The Sunday New York Times*) lays down his fine pen to depict Lorre in "M". On the opposite page, Lorre with Valerie Hobson in *MAD LOVE* (MGM, '35).





# The PETER LORRE Story

On the way to lunch, going down in the elevator, co-star Debra Paget made a remark that needed an immediate reply. The elevator was full, and Lorre had an audience. He turned on Paget with an "M"-like whimper, and proceeded to throttle her. She was obviously pleased at being made the centre of attention—yet at the same time a little apprehensive and not too sure whether Lorre was kidding or not! As the elevator reached the ground floor and emptied out, Lorre released her, offered a particularly florid compliment to her beauty and acting ability, and bent low in a sweeping bow. Miss Paget beamed, and went off happily to her lunch. As she tripped off, Lorre murmured "Who's ever HEARD of Debra Paget?" And then, louder, in the shrill tones of the semi-psychos he'd played so many times, "WHO GIVES A FIG FOR DEBRA PAGET?" "Fig" wasn't the word he used, but it will have to serve here. Lorre's language was loud and colorful, and poor Sir Cedric blanched visibly whenever Lorre gave vent to his feelings. Not that Lorre had anything against Debra Paget, and he was certainly too much of a gentleman to say anything unkind in her presence. It's just that, like so many old professionals, he was a little riled by the co-star status given to so many young ingenues who had neither experience or acting ability enough to deserve it. He sighed for the good old days of Bingette Helm, Dietrich,



Dita Parlo — and others whom he would obviously have been quite happy to take supporting billing to!

He was not a better man about any of this—even about the brushoff his sincerely made and deeply felt German

**Above:** As a despicable Nazi, Lorre seemed quite at home in MGM's CROSS OF LORRAINE in 1943. Below is a great and rare group scene: to the left of Peter Lorre is young director John Huston taking time out with his cast for a production shot. To Lorre's right is Mary Astor and, of course, Humphrey Bogart. The picture (if you haven't already guessed): THE MALTESE FALCON (Warner Bros. '41).



film, "The Lost Ones" (which he starred in and directed), had received in this country. The industry was changing, and he didn't like the way it was going—but he wanted to keep working, and as long as he did, he wouldn't knock the industry that was feeding him.

I saw the show on television about two weeks later, back in New York. The handsome set was wasted on TV. All the behind-the-scenes humour was, of course, missing. It was a routine show, received routine reviews, and promptly went into a routine oblivion. I couldn't help feeling what a pity it was that the powers-that-be hadn't incorporated some of Lorre's delightfully humorous ad-libbing into the show—even if it had turned it into a semi-spoof. It might not have transformed it into a "Beat The Devil" (one of Lorre's favorites incidentally), but certainly would have given it life and vitality.

The last time I saw Lorre, and this time only briefly, was in the fall of 1962, when he, Karloff and Vincent Price were shooting "The Raven." So much of the puckish humour that Lorre displayed in that film had the kind of ad-lib spontaneity that had enlivened the shooting of the earlier CBS film that I feel sure that many of his funniest scenes were not contained in the script, but improvised by him and wisely left alone. Roger Corman, though improving, is a plodding and rather uninspired director, who shoots his films by "keeping the traffic moving" and keeping an eye on the budget. As the heroine of "The Raven" was threatened by death—and worse—his sole instruction was "Now remember dear, see him — and you're frightened!" It's hard to believe that the bizarre and sometimes explosive humor that Lorre employed in the film was "guided" by Corman—and it's a pity that this humour wasn't exploited more in films, especially by a director like James Whale, who would have had the wit and flair to build on what Lorre already had to offer.

During the day's shooting that I witnessed, Lorre was especially delighted by the fact that the raven of the title (actually, several were used, of course) had rebelled against its trainer, and pecked him quite severely . . . He was so delighted in fact, that one wonders whether perhaps he hadn't had something to do with it!

Corman shoots quickly, and there's no time wasted on his sets. I had little chance for prolonged conversation with Lorre that day. But we chatted for a few moments between takes. One of the supporting players, in grotesque makeup as a decaying corpse, came lumbering out of the men's room. My daughter Bambi, then three years old, was much impressed. (There is a standing rule in all Hollywood studios that no children under 12 be allowed on the sets, but somehow, perhaps because she was so quiet and intense, she had been allowed in.) Used to King Kong, Dracula and the Frankenstein monster, and rather fond of them, she was quite excited at the prospect of seeing a real monster close up. "Is that a **good** monster or a **bad** monster?" she asked. Looking around him to make sure that no-one was listening—although I'm sure this was done for effect, as he certainly never cared what he said or who heard him say it—Lorre informed her "Oh it's a **BAD** monster. There are **NO** good monsters at American International."

—WILLIAM K. EVERSON

After his face was horribly disfigured in a fire for Columbia's **BEHIND THE MASK** (1941), a special make-up (see article) was used to convey the impression that Lorre was wearing a mask. The little inset, lower right, gives an idea of his "burned face" make-up.



# LORRE

## 1904-1964

### BY RICHARD BOJARSKI

The shocking passing of Peter Lorre has left a wide gap in horror-fantasy films that will be impossible to fill.

Unlike Karloff and Lugosi, his screen career did not always center around the macabre; it was, rather, his unusual appearance and extraordinary acting ability that added a strange fascination even to his more fatuous roles. His large, pale, moon-faced head, emphasized by a pair of heavy-lidded, bullfrog eyes, on his short five-foot-three squat frame, and his chilling child-like accented speech and mannerisms helped to create his personal brand of menace and terror.

Off-screen, he was a deeply sensitive and erudite individual with a sharp, usually deadpan sense of humor. Long an object for imitators, he coined the cliché, "All you need to imitate me is a

pair of soft boiled egg eyes and a bedroom voice." Lorre's awareness of his physical shortcomings came early — his lack of hesitancy in utilizing them to the fullest advantage of his art for over three decades has made us all the richer.

In a small village located in an isolated part of Hungary's Carpathian Mountains, Peter Lorre, the first of four children, arrived on June 28, 1904. Soon after his birth his mother died. Six years later his family moved to Vienna where his father acquired a position with an automobile concern and a step-mother to care for the growing brood of children.

Unhappy with the growing discipline at home and with the tedium of school and inspired by the glamorous tales of the theatre' from his companions, young Peter yearned to become an actor. Not able to endure his family's stern refusals, the youth left home at seventeen. Unable to get stage work because of inexperience, a grim period followed of near starvation and sleeping in public parks — the country was then in the throes of inflation.

He obtained a minor position in a bank in order to eat and organized an evening amateur group made up of acquaintances with theatrical aspirations. Unknowingly, his group of young Viennese players pioneered the method of improvisational acting which has recently come into vogue with groups like

Second City and The Premise. This activity absorbed him so much that he couldn't get to work in the mornings, and soon the bank dismissed him.

During this insecure period he studied with Sigmund Freud. Finally in 1924 he got his first stage work in stock in the city of Breslau. His first role was a walk-on. Lorre boasted at this time that he acted in two plays before he had finally seen one out front. It was a disappointment; he had expected more. On the basis of this experience he secured a membership in the Zurich stock company. Following a success as an old man in a German translation of Caldworthy's Society, he was brought to Vienna, where he remained for the next two years playing a wide variety of parts.

After mastering a bit of the German tongue, he eventually arrived in Berlin with only ten marks in his pocket. Fortunately his reputation had preceded him there and he immediately acquired his next stage role. After several bits, he scored in *Die Fliegere Von Ingolstadt* in 1928, playing the role of a sex-fiend! This controversial play became the sensation of Berlin. Lorre has claimed that at this time he was approached with film offers but refused because of unsatisfactory parts. About this time during a stage run Lorre became interested in a member of the cast, actress Cecilia Lvovsky, whom he married several years later.

While he appeared in Feuchtmayr's *Erwachen (Auflösung of Spring)*, in which he portrayed a sexually frustrated student who finally commits suicide, the brilliant UFA director Fritz Lang wandered backstage after a performance and asked the actor if he would be interested in doing a film for him in the future. Though Lorre harbored doubts of a film career because he knew he was no "leading man" type, he committed himself to Lang.

Two years later, during the final months of 1930 while Lorre was engaged in rehearsals for a Bertold Brecht play, he was again visited by Lang, who had a completed shooting script and wanted him for the lead. The screenplay, *M.*, was based on the true case of a child-killer who cunningly eluded the police, but who is finally tracked down and captured by the underworld. Based on the Dusseldorf murders of 1929, the script was written by Lang's wife, Thea von Harbou, who also wrote *METROPOLIS*. Despite this film commitment, Lorre began rehearsing for a new play the night the Brecht play folded. Ironically, his two roles were opposites. He was a psychopathic murderer before cameras by day and at night he was a comic in a stage farce.

Lorre once revealed a generally unknown incident that occurred during the filming of *M.* For the memorable kangaroo trial scene in a deserted cellar where Lorre was being judged for his murders by a jury of the city's underworld, Lang intended to give the film extra realism by obtaining real criminals for these roles. Lorre accompanied Lang in dredging up every criminal of the lowest kind from the shabby backwaters of the city. During the filming, a police official who was connected with the film discovered many of the criminals he had been hunting for years, and immediately left the studio with secret exhilaration, shortly returning with nearly all the Berlin police force. Fortunately Lang persuaded him to delay arresting six of them until after they had completed their scenes. "So we finished

Lorre as he appeared in AIP's TALES OF TERROR (1962). His hundred-pound overweight was due to illness contracted ten years earlier.





Lorn is seated in good company which hardly requires identification; but for those who insist, standing in the back is Rathbone, while to the left of Peter is Karloff, and on the right is Price. Special production shot is from the set of AIP's **COMEDY OF TERRORS** (1963). Here's another scene from Columbia's **FACE BEHIND THE MASK**.



early." Lorre recalls, "let them off at four o'clock and gave them a two hour start on the police."

When the film was finally released in 1931, it enhanced Lang's already growing directorial reputation and brought Lorre international renown. The critics agreed that *M* was not simply a melodrama of lustful hideous murder, but a sympathetic teatonic study of a pathological killer who is both villain and victim that reveals itself as a genuine tragedy as well as an essay in savagery. Through Lang's skillful suggestion, the actual murders are not shown. The most frightening scene is when the murderer sees a little girl in the reflection off a window — here is where it slowly sinks into his sickly mind that he is helplessly enmeshed in the coils of some diabolical psychopathic force driving him to commit another child murder. But it is the underworld that in the long run tracks him down and traps him, not the usual police channels as might have been expected. The audience is at this point rooted in its seat as it watches a trapped Lorre, encircled by leading members of the underworld, cross-examined, ruthlessly questioned, finally judged and almost executed by people who think him too barbarous, too vile to consider him even as one of themselves. It probably ranks among one of the most classic sequences in film history. Lorre, persecuted, examined and brutally interrogated, screams to his captors:

"*You are all criminals because you want to be,*" he cries. "But, I . . . I do what I do because I can't help it!"

He goes on to explain that he is afraid of people, afraid of ghosts and so forth. Then one begins to arrive at some sort of understanding of his troubles (despite the film's language barrier) — It becomes apparent that he is a hapless, pathetic victim of what can happen to a man who becomes seriously mentally disturbed. Then, gradually one begins comprehending a little of the strange unknown forces which can exist latent inside the human soul.

Lorre's performance was not merely terrifying because of the horrific deeds which he depicted, but because he could reveal how tragically and pathetically human the beast that he portrayed could be. His role also resulted in one of the three or four greatest movie criminal characterizations of all time. While *M* immortalized his name, it also permanently established his future screen character: one of filmdom's great villains.

After his first film success, Lorre negotiated a deal with UFA for several films which he alternated with stage work. His activity was interrupted by the growing Nazi movement, this was understandable for one of half-Jewish extraction like Lorre, well aware of what monstrous evil this new political force might be capable once it was solidly in control of the government. Leaving Berlin, he came to Vienna where he made an effort to resume his acting career in the film, *SCHUSS IN MORGEN CRAVEN* (*INVISIBLE OPPONENT*) co-starring Oscar Homolka. Finding it impossible to obtain work, because of the dangerous changing political climate, he fled to France where he wound up sharing a shabby Paris boarding-house with other future Hollywood talents like Paul Lukas, Homolka, Franz Waxman and many more. About the only film work he could find was a French dubbing job in a minor film, which he completed in one day.

Desperate, Lorre migrated to England in early 1934, penniless and barely knowing a few words of English. Reaching the British film center, he was fortunate in being introduced to Alfred Hitchcock (before he was known in the USA) who was then casting the first version of *THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* (the 2nd version by Hitchcock, was made in 1956). By an odd coincidence, Hitchcock also worked at UFA as an assistant director for a while, even though Lorre and he had never met.

Lorre recalled that his first meeting with Hitchcock was one of the best ac-

tings as an anarchist leader of a group of international saboteurs bent upon murdering a prominent European statesman received high praise. One American critic remarked: "Lorre crowds his character with dark and terrifying emotions without disturbing his placid moon face." This version will probably never be seen by the general public again and, except for a very battered, scratched up copy rented to film societies on rare occasions, all other prints were destroyed when the newer 1956 version was filmed (perhaps generations from now, the horror of it all will be felt when the civilized world will grasp in incredulity at the numerous films that have been purposely ruined or destroyed by the blinder, non-cultural business part of the film world).

Lorre's fortunes seemed on the rise when a Columbia studio representative of Harry Cohn approached him with a Hollywood contract. Lorre revealed that he had been offered American film contracts earlier but had rejected them because he feared killer-type-casting. Aware that a future acting career back in Europe was extremely doubtful, and considering Columbia's promise of a variety of roles, he arrived in Hollywood in late 1934.

Although Harry Cohn gave him freedom to select his own parts, some time elapsed before a suitable role was available. Meanwhile, Lorre basked in the California sunshine and further improved his English, and was even loaned out to MCM as the star of *MAD LOVE* (a remake of *HANDS OF ORLAC*, the German-made Conrad Veidt film of over a decade before), directed by Karl "Dra-cula" Freud. For his first American film Lorre was required to shave his head to add further sinister qualities to the appearance of the hellish, crazed international surgeon, Dr. Gogol. In this truly excellent horror film, Freud wrought an interesting performance from Lorre as the mad surgeon who lasts for the wife of a famous pianist, Orlac (Colin Clive), who survives a train accident with mutilated hands. Driven by a horrible purpose, Dr. Gogol grafts a pair of murderer's hands upon the unfortunate musician which gives him a strange, uncontrollable urge to kill. Gogol's further attempts to undo Orlac fail in a most exciting climax. Several of many eerie scenes show Lorre playing the piano and reading poetry as a wax image of Orlac's wife in his horror-haunted laboratory; another has Lorre impersonating a man (who submitted to one of his horrible experiments) wearing a masked setup and artificial steel hands. Director Freud's rich European background inspired the excellent continental atmosphere which was enhanced by exceptional photography throughout the film.

After completing *MAD LOVE*, Lorre returned to Columbia to appear in a version of Dostoevsky's *CRIME & PUNISHMENT* (Lorre also aided director S. K. Laren on the screenplay). Before filming began, Lorre was required to reduce from 180 down to 130 pounds for the interesting role of Raskolnikov, the brilliant but impoverished student who, following the murder of an old haggish pawnbroker, enters into an intellectual struggle of wits with Porfiry (Edward Arnold), the prosecutor. Though director Josef von Sternberg succeeded in creating interesting horror overtones in this slickly photographed version of Dostoevsky's famous detective story, the excision of important pay-



ing jobs he ever did in that period when his vocabulary was limited to either "yes" or "no." Lorre once said, "A friend of mine tipped me off that Hitch liked to tell funny stories. So when he talked to me, I'd watch him very closely and whenever I guessed that he'd come to the point of what I guess was a joke, I would laugh uproariously. This made Hitch figure that I knew enough of the language to play the part, and that's how I got the job."

While working in the Hitchcock production, Lorre practiced his English at night — this resulted in his earlier scenes having to be re-shot so that his speech pattern would match. His former actress friend, Cecilia Lovsky, who also emigrated from the continent earlier, was also in the film, and after its completion they got married.

*THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH* was, besides his first English-speaking role, another very important "first" for Lorre after *M*; his perform-

chological material from the script made the finished film suffer by comparison with a fine French version released around the same time. Nevertheless, Lorre received good reviews for his second American film and hoped to work with von Sternberg again.

Lorre wished to do a filminization of "The Good Soldier Schweik", but nothing came of it. Unlike some of his uprooted fellow European actors, Lorre began to enjoy living in Hollywood. Around this time Lorre began to collect story properties for future films. One of these, *SECRET AGENT*, interested British-Gaumont who wanted to acquire the screen-rights for Alfred Hitchcock who also wanted to borrow Lorre from Columbia for one of the top roles. Wishing to work with Hitchcock again and hoping to visit his family a bit, Lorre settled with his wife to England in Oct., 1935 and intended to apply for his citizenship papers on his return. For the film, *SECRET AGENT*, which starred John Gielgud and Madelaine Carroll, Lorre was assigned a comic-role for a change; a curly-haired Mexican villain. Aside from the handsome profit from the story sale, Lorre enjoyed working for Hitchcock again. Though the film was a commercial success, this gay melodrama was not one of Hitchcock's best. While in England, Lorre received a personal invitation from Hitler (who admired his work as a "murderer") to make films in his industry. In neatly worded contempt, Lorre replied: "Thank you, but I think

Germany has room for only one mass-murderer of my ability and yours."

Upon his return to Hollywood in early 1936, Lorre talked with Universal for a possible remake of *THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*, which unfortunately never materialized. In the meantime, Lorre and his wife took out their first papers for American citizenship. At this time he began a period of radio work which he alternated with film work through the subsequent years. In October Lorre announced that he was going to play Napoleon on the stage. The play, a psychological study of the dictator, was written by his old friend, Ferdinand Bruckner. He arrived in NYC to start rehearsals, but unfortunately the production was called off at the last moment by producer Sidney Kingsley for undisclosed reasons.

Toward the end of 1936 he signed a new contract with 20th Century Fox for an indefinite period. Though his initial film was a role in an average spy melodrama, *CRACKUP*, his next assignment was an improvement. He played a heavy in a rather interesting well-done kidnapping drama, *NANCY STEELE IS MISSING*, starring Victor McLaglen. Illness forced Lorre to withdraw from a subsequent film, resulting in John Carradine substituting for him. After another routine film chose, *THE LANCER SPY*, (Fox), inspired by the success of the current Oriental Detective trend (Example: *ML WONG*, with Boris Karloff), and the *CHARLIE CHAN* series

with Warner Oland) convinced Lorre to do *John P. Marquand's* likeable, shrewd Japanese character, MR. MOTO in a series of films. To simulate an Oriental appearance, he only wore a pair of prop spectacles. As shooting began on the first one, *THINK FAST, MR. MOTO* on Oct. 1937, Lorre remarked: "Instead of committing murders, I'll be solving them." During the production of his last MOTO film, "*DANGER ISLAND*" ('39), he created a waterproof rubber suit which he wore under his clothes for a swamp sequence. Its function, Lorre explained, was to prevent colds which resulted in production delays. Weary of the monotonous "B" MOTO series, he completed one more film (*I WAS AN ADVENTURESS*) before he left Fox in 1939 and started to freelance. His first assignment was the part of the repulsive Cochran (Pig) who lasts for Joan Crawford in the MGM Clark Gable film, *STRANGE CARGO*, a strange allegorical semi-fantasy based on Richard Sale's splendid novel, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," concerning escaped prisoners from Devil's Island — each personality has home specific meaning, grounded in terms much too subtle for a script and film that, while not mediocre, could hardly cope with the poetry of ideas and emotions that Sale depicted in his book. (Ingmar Bergman would be the natural director for a good remake).

1939 was the year when movieland's second Horror Cycle was beginning and

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Lorre had already established a constant reputation for murder, mayhem, but most especially for cold sadism, such as that depicted in this scene from Columbia's *ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN* (1940).





A production shot, between takes of AIP's TALES OF TERROR. A skeptical and very Poetic Vincent Price listens to the cherubic-looking Lorre.

where the macabre side of Lorre's villainy would be put to use once more. In ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN, he was a prison warden who loved classical music and whipping prisoners. STRANGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR (RKO) a curious and nearly forgotten little essay in psychological horror with interesting dream sequences and a good improvement over ISLAND. In the Sept., 1940 release, he successfully portrayed a homicidal maniac, reminding his fans of earlier roles. Before leaving RKO, he appeared in an elaborate but routine plot Kay Kyser filmusical, YOU'LL FIND OUT, co-starring with the other two greats, Luposi and Karloff, who were also wasted.

He then went back to Columbia to do FACE BEHIND THE MASK (originally based upon a radio play by Tom O'Conor) for director Robert Florey. In this gruesome melodrama, Lorre plays a Hungarian immigrant watchmaker whose face is horribly disfigured in a rooming house fire which makes him a social outcast. Sparked by bitterness, he turns into a master criminal, devises a special rubber mask to hide his hideously scarred features and befriends a blind girl (well played by Evelyn Keyes) who is ignorant of his criminal activities. During his accomplices' struggle for power, his beloved companion is accidentally killed. Lorre dies in a symbolic tragic climax in a desert waste at the hands of his gang, who in turn pay with their lives for their evil deeds in the same manner (it is impossible for screen scholars at

this point to overlook the strong similarity to von Stroheim's classic, CREED).

To simulate a rubber mask for FACE BEHIND THE MASK, Lorre wore 2 strips of adhesive tape to immobilize his face, panted on dead-white makeup and kept a restrained facial expression. Released Feb., 1941, it was labelled a "B" film by the critics but will nevertheless be remembered for outstanding moments of suspense and horror, sometimes achieving a degree of extreme introspection and quality.

Another important turning point in his career was when the then young director, John Huston (who recently won fame as an actor for the first time in THE CARDINAL), gave him an interesting role in the award-winning filmization of Dashiell Hammett's THE MALTESE FALCON. Humphrey Bogart was the star, along with Mary Astor, Elisha Cook, and the picture introduced a new menace to the screen: Sidney Greenstreet as "The Fat Man." The film not only won Lorre a fine contract with Warner's, which would take him through many years of filming, but also began a fast and strong friendship with Bogart. Apparently, Greenstreet's completely opposite personality and boisterous laughter, compared with Lorre's high-strung gaiety, was such a resounding success from the very start that they became a team who eventually walked through several well-done, usually highly profitable films, among the many they would do with others for Warner's through the years.

In 1942 Warner's loaned Lorre to Universal for INVISIBLE AGENT. In this routine imitation of H. G. Wells' INVISIBILE MAN, he plays a villainous Japanese spy who fails to destroy Jim Hall and commits han-kari in a rather elaborate thrilling sequence. The same year, Columbia borrowed him and Karloff (from the stage success, ARSENIC & OLD LACE) for the horrid film farce, THE BOOCIE MAN WILL GET YOU. Lorre played Dr. Loretz, a sheriff-scientist who joins another screwball scientist, Professor Nathaniel Billings (Karloff) in an unscrupulous planish experiment in hopes of a good personal profit. Dead bodies and comedy cope abound in this horror-comedy, played tongue-in-cheek from beginning to end. Lorre returned to Warner's for a brief role as a stoolie-pigeon in the warmly remembered war-time drama, a success CASABLANCA, famed also for being one of Humphrey Bogart's finest films; starring in this all-time favorite was Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid, Conrad Veidt and Claude Rains, supported by a very large competent cast.

Working in a few more films of some what routine caliber for Warner's he was borrowed by MCM for an interesting supporting role in THE CROSS OF LORRAINE in 1943. In this excellent though somewhat brutal study of French prisoners in a German prison camp, Lorre effectively played the cruel, cunning jailer, Sgt. Beggar Lorre once reminiscing that around this time he began getting quite a bit of unusual fan mail; people would write him concerning problems of masochistic and sadistic compulsions. An uninterrupted flow of correspondence from prison inmates and mental asylum patients filled his mail box daily with troubled questions. One Lorre fan, who was a Baroness, wrote:

"Dear Master: I would love to be tortured by you . . ." To which Lorre replied: "You have been tortured enough by going to see my pictures!"

Possessing a wonderful sense of humor, Lorre had an incurable urge for gags and practical jokes on movie sets, as anyone who has worked with him knows. During the shooting of MASK OF DIMITRIOS (a very off-beat and excellent cloak-and-dagger thriller, in which Lorre played both hero and "good guy"), he livened up the between-takes moments by breaking up technicians and amusing visitors to the set by putting on a terrific act: he would start pacing nervously up and down, pretending to pull out his hair, shouting in reference to his usually absent producer-boss, Jack Warner, "Where is that creep? I sent him out for a bottle of beer a half-hour ago, and he isn't back yet!"

At this time Lorre still continued his hobby of collecting valuable story properties whose estimated value was over \$350,000. In 1944 he began alternating films with brief stage work, beginning with his first vaudeville appearance in a macabre horror sketch called, "The Man With A Head Of Glass." During that same year, Warner's began filming the stage play, ARSENIC & OLD LACE, which had just completed a three-and-a-half year run. Lorre was cast as Dr. Einstein, a boozey plastic surgeon who operates on Raymond Massey's face to change his appearance, but is interrupted by the police. Having to quit in the middle of the job, he leaves Massey "looking like Boris Karloff" (who did the stage version) throughout the macabre goings-on. Its central plot concerns the activities of the aging Brewster sisters whose Good Samaritan efforts consisted of helping friendless old men into the next world with poisoned elderberry wine. The main set around which most of the action centers is delightfully atmospheric surrounded by the Victorian Brewster house and the Brooklyn graveyard of a Dutch Reformed Church, whose probable location was and may still be on Church and Flatbush Avenues. Others in this memorable production included Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, Jack Carson and an unusually excellent supporting cast.

The following year Lorre married his second wife, Kaaren Verne, a German actress who subsequently gave up her career. Though enjoying a fine salary at Warner's, he was unhappy under such a long contract and yearned for the freedom of choosing his own roles. Several films later he returned to horror with director Robert Florey in an outstanding chiller, THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS; however, Victor Francen almost stole the entire show away with an elegant histrionic performance. The excellent script by Carl (Dongeon's) Brunn Sodmak was based on William Fryer Harvey's modern classic short story of the same name. It relates of an invalid pianist who, due to a stroke, is confined to a wheelchair with only one good arm (as he plays away at the piano in his Gothic-like villa). After his violent death, his strong good hand is mysteriously severed from his corpse. In some of the eeriest scenes ever filmed, the hand is seen running wildly across the keys of a grand piano playing doleful macabre music; in another scene, it's crawling across a desk, upon a floor. Although the production turned out into a boxoffice success and is rated among several of Lorre's best, he left Warner's after this to freelance.

At liberty, his first assignment was a routine heavy role in UA's THE CHASE. Concluding this film, he began a brief run of stage readings of Poe's "Tell-Tale

"Heart" in several large cities. After this activity, he returned to Hollywood to start work on Paramount's *MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE* (1947) starring Bob Hope. In this well-done satire of "hard-boiled" type detective thrillers, Lorre and Lon Chaney Jr. played a pair of villainous henchmen involved in adventure-comedy in the best Hope tradition. After another semi-heavy part in *CASBAH* (which was an elaborate musical remake of *ALGIERS*) in which he played a police official trying to catch Pepe Le Moko (Tony Martin), he played a similar part in Paramount's *ROPE OF SAND*.

Next year, he went to England. It was in this country where Lorre got one of the nicest tributes of his life when the BBC made this testimonial, just moments before he was about to appear in "The Tell-Tale Heart" in a special TV dramatization: "Mr. Lorre will be seen contorting his face in closeups, and we feel that the experience of children watching the performance in a darkened room would be too alarming." The BBC official continued, "We urge you to send your children to bed early." Shortly thereafter Lorre returned to Hollywood to be a villain in *QUICKSAND*, starring Mickey Rooney and Jean Capone (1959). The same year he separated from his second wife. In 1951 he made his first appearance on American TV.

Depressed over the usual Hollywood typecasting roles, Lorre went to Germany, saw the ravages of war and was so inspired by a story by Egon Jacobson, based on an actual occurrence, that he began making plans to produce his own film. After writing the screenplay, Lorre formed an independent production company and then proceeded to direct himself in the title role of a Nazi-era scientist who later goes insane and becomes a mad killer (the original DR. STRANGELOVE?). Titled *DER VERLORENE (THE LOST ONES)*, it's violent anti-Nazi attack received high praise,



prizes and made some money throughout Europe (1951). Though Lorre owned 60% of the film and felt he could profit well with it in the USA, he remarked that his reasons for refusing to release it here were because of the "cold war" effort. It was around this period that Lorre became seriously ill, consequently gaining nearly a hundred pounds which altered his appearance and is considered to be the reason for a chronic high-blood pressure condition.

After marrying Anna Marie Bremering, 27, who did publicity work on his last film that year, Lorre returned to the USA and made his stage debut in the summer theatre production of "A NIGHT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S" which played five weeks at New Haven, Connecticut.

Then going back to Europe he made a film with John Huston called *BEAT THE DEVIL*, considered so far ahead

Some felt that if you put a cigar in Lorre's mouth and overlooked his accent, he could have played Winston Churchill. In this shot, he somewhat resembles Jackie Gleason, Orson Welles or Colgate T. Hirsch walling up an annoying rival in *TALES OF TERROR*.



and highly developed in 1954 that it lost money the first time out, acclaimed as being "Ten years ahead of time." In 1964 it has been re-released, rediscovered and has just started becoming a financial success. In this very off-beat adventure-satire, Lorre played O'Hara, a member of a band of international thieves; he was reunited with his old friend, Humphrey Bogart, for the last time. Commenting on the film Lorre said, "It was a flop in New York. Why wouldn't it be? It was a delirious sardonic comedy, meant for art theatres, and they opened it with a blood and thunder campaign. The people just didn't get it." During that year, when a girl was born to his wife, Lorre became a father for the first time; the tiny bundle was named Catherine.

He next started working on Disney's production of Jules Verne's 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA. Though Lorre was disappointingly miscast as a timid servant, color and special effects contribute to the success of this interesting fantasy adventure. Then after being absent from the screen for a year, he appeared in a cameo role as an ornate ship servant in Mike Todd's AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS in 1956. On TV he scored in a Playhouse 90 production of *SEIDMAN & SON*, starring Eddie Cantor. His performance as a hellion-like worker in the New York garment industry drew critical raves for him for the first time in years.

Following a routine clown role in THE CIRCUS with Victor Mature in 1959, he went to Spain for an important supporting role in SCENT OF MYSTERY, a semi-melodramatic travesty utilizing the highly touted gimmick, "Smell-O-Vision." During the filming he suffered a sunstroke, putting him out of the film for 3 days. Lorre complained that the press reports "exaggerated" the condition as a heart attack.

Caught in a serious mood in 1960,  
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Here and at the top of page are two different ways Lorre looked in *MAD LOVE* (MGM, 1935). The story is of a mad scientist who grafts a killer's head onto another man who lost his in an accident.

Lorre said: "Movies are no longer an industry. After all, who ever heard of an industry that offered no loyalty to its employees?" He paused a moment to mix a drink, then in typical Lorre fashion lit a fresh cigarette and went on: "You see, making movies used to be such great fun in the old days. Of course, I suppose a lot of things in the old days were more fun," he sighed. "It isn't any longer; it's now a very cold-hearted business." He then began reminiscing back to the old days — to the time when he and Sydney Greenstreet were menacing each other; when they and Bogart and Flynn and their ilk made the Warner Brothers lot an exciting place.

Though he worked overseas a great deal, he continued making Hollywood his home. "I can't stand living in Europe; for that matter, New York isn't much better. But I like Hollywood. Actually Hollywood is the reverse of what most people think it is. It is not a crazy, nervous place. An actor is less bothered there than anywhere else. You can live your life as you please and nobody cares."

Rounding out 1961, he played a routine part as a marine-life specialist in the fantasy film, *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*, based on a Jules Verne novel. In 1962 marked an important turning point in his career, while some have felt his career started to take a downward trend. Long neglected for some 16 years, his great talent for the macabre was going to be fully realized and utilized. American International signed him up for a part in one of the three Poe tales in *TALES OF TERROR*, filmed in blinding color, starring Basil Rathbone and Vincent Price. The studio that started 7 years before filming had "B" films like *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF* had been raising its standards, to some extent, finding that quality could outsell junk after its boxoffice success with *HOUSE OF USHER*. Playing a mad crazed husband who walks up his adulterous wife alive after finding out about her and her lover (Price), he appeared in "The Black Cat" portion of his three-parter. While far from first-rate horror, the film restored him to his more familiar macabre status, much to the delight of all Lorre fans.

But the role he seemed to be enjoying the most was that of fatherhood. Lorre stated that the greatest compliment ever paid him was when he overheard his nine-year-old daughter Cathy (who was watching one of his old thrillers on TV) remark to her friends, "My father isn't a mean killer — he's a great actor!" His next appearance that year was in a non-horror film, *FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON*, another Verne adaptation for Fox. While on a publicity junket, he appeared on Groucho's TV show, *YOU BET YOUR LIFE*. Groucho's ever-ready brand of barbed humor took in Lorre's now famous rotund dimensions into consideration as he remarked on his appearance in *FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON*: "And are you playing the part of the balloon?" October of that year, he appeared on TV's *ROUTE 66* episode of "Lizard's Leg and Owl's Wing" where he played himself, with Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney Jr., who re-created their old familiar monster roles of the past, supported by Marita Hunt. In this abortive spoof of horror movies, the most memorable thing was that this group of highly talented people were never so terribly wasted.

Immediately after the latter TV bomb, Lorre began work on his second film for AIP, *THE RAVEN*, scripted by Richard Matheson, directed by Roger Corman. Karloff and Price were the co-stars. However, despite its title, this satirical takeoff on sorcery and magic retained almost nothing of Poe's ideas, like most AIP Poe productions. Set vaguely in an Arthurian England, Lorre played bony Dr. Bellows who is transformed into a raven. A fellow magician, Dr. Craven (Price) tries to undo the spell.

(See William K. Everson's article preceding this one for some of Lorre's personal experiences in *THE RAVEN*. — Editor.)

*RAVEN* was neatly done up in glorious color, abounding in special effects, magic, wizardry and some surprisingly well-done humor. With its release in January, 1963, Lorre made a series of personal appearances with co-star Karloff to promote the film. Commenting on this experience, Lorre enjoyed seeing audiences again. Later AIP announced signing him up to an exclusive four-year picture contract until 1967, however, it barred him from doing anything in a similar vein for any outside company. The next film was *COMEDY OF TERRORS* And August of '63 Lorre's lawyer protested in court against a former real-estate salesman who was about to legally change his name to "Peter Lorre" with a desire to enter into show business. Angry, Lorre publicly stated that this "fink" had no right to trade upon his name after the long, hard years he had taken to build it up. At this time Lorre was separated from his third wife and was living alone.

*COMEDY OF TERRORS* was finally released in Jan., 1964, Lorre co-starred with Price, Karloff and Basil Rathbone. AIP felt that with this impressive cast, they would repeat their early success with *THE RAVEN*. Horror trappings

**Bogart about to rough-up Lorre in Warner's 1941 THE MALTESE FALCON. Lorre played a perfumed effeminate flop out for buttering up any side who was the stronger and richer.**



were once more solely put together for the purpose of satire and burlesque. Disappointingly inferior to *RAVEN*, this one-gag plot revolved around an undertaker, Trumbull (Price) who "digs up" customers to bury them when rent time comes around. Lorre tried doing his best with the role of the nervous, hesitant assistant, Felix Gillis. Though elaborately mounted with some eerie scenes, it was the least effective of AIP horror parades since their low-budget days of the Fifties, thus making it all the more tragic that Lorre's last film released during his life wasn't a more fitting entry.

On Tuesday, March 24, 1964, Peter Lorre's housekeeper entered his house to start another day's chores only to discover his dead body. He was fifty-nine. It was revealed that he was suffering from acute high blood pressure for some time. He is survived by two brothers, one of them living in New Jersey, and by his wife and ten-year-old daughter Cathy. The film he had completed before his demise was a Jerry Lewis film, *THE PATSY*.

Not many knew that Lorre harbored a deep interest in psychoanalysis, spending much of his spare time helping out patients in mental asylums. Those who knew him well believed that had Lorre failed as an actor, he would have made a great name in the field of psychiatry. Though he played so many strange, unshinged types, his friends knew that he was one of the fairest, easiest and most normal humans one could ever know.

For Peter Lorre, one of the few original Crown Princes of the Macabre, the curtain has risen down for the final time, while we will go on watching him on film, perhaps unable to suppress a tear with his premature death still fresh in our minds. Many from future generations also shall see him returning on TV or theatre screens time and again, before them will be performing an artist who can be truly counted among the few deserving to be called "The Greatest." Meanwhile, the shock of the moment is still fresh in our memories.

An intelligent and highly sensitive man, Lorre once said, "The development of friends is the most important thing in my life. You can buy the services of people, but you can't buy friends."

Perhaps he wasn't fully aware of it, but he was rich in them. His friends shall also go on multiplying as long as the theatres, TV and their counterparts exist . . . perhaps until the end of time

—R. BOJARSKI

#### PETER LORRE FILMOGRAPHY

- M. *Herr Film*, Berlin, '31. Fritz Lang—Gustav Gründgens
- DIE 13 KOFFER DES HERRN O. F. (The 12 Trunks of Mr. O. F.) Tokio, Berlin, '31. Alexis Granovsky, Heddy Kiesler (Lamont)
- GRENZEN (Frontiers)—(uncredited)
- SOMMEN UBIER MONTE CARLO (Monte Carlo Madness), '31. Horace Schwartz—Anna Sten
- RAUSCHGIFT (White German), UFO, '32. Kurt Gerron—Hedy Kiesler (Lamont)
- F.F. ANTHONY NICHT (F. F. I. Deen's Answer), UFA, '32. Karl Hartl—Hans Albers, SCHLOSS IM MORGENGRAUEN (A Slap of Dawn, English release title: Invisible Oppen!), '32. Hans Albers
- GE HAUT A GAS, Paris, '34. Paul Lukas
- THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH, Geman-British, '34. Alfred Hitchcock—Lester Banks, MAD LOVE, MGM, '35. Karl Freund—Colin Clive
- CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, Columbia, '35. Josef von Sternberg—Edie Arnold, Ted Headley, Sam Holden
- SECRET AGENT, British-German, '36. Alfred Hitchcock—John Gielgud, Madeleine Carroll
- CRACK-UP, 20th Century-Fox, '36. Melvyn St. Clair—Bronon Donlevy, Pet O'Brien
- NANCY STEELE IS MISSING, 20th Century-Fox, '37. George Marshall—Victor McLaglen

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OUT OF  
THIS WORLD

# with Boris Karloff



Last year Boris Karloff had what he calls his first contact with science fiction (as opposed to "Horror" fiction). The occasion was *OUT OF THIS WORLD* — Britain's ABC Television series of hour-long s.f. plays which he hosted.

British audiences are more reserved toward s.f. than their American counterparts for this reason: tv programmers have always been apprehensive about doing anything ambitious in the genre. (*The Quatermass* series from the BBC was a welcome exception.) So British fans were more than pleased when ABC announced five series of 13 plays adapted from short stories by leading British and American s.f. writers. These included John Wyndham, author of *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED* (originally *THE MID-WICH CUCKOOS*) and *DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS*; Isaac Asimov; Roy Phillips and Philip K. Dick — adapted by well-known British tv playwrights like Clive Exton and Leo Lehman. The series was the idea of ABC story editor Irene Shubik and was produced at Teddington Studios with directors like Guy Verney, Richmond Harding, Don Leaver and Peter Hammond.

The shape of things to come was heralded by an adaptation of John Wyndham's famous *DUMB MARTIAN* in *ABC ARMCHAIR THEATRE*, with Hilda Schrader in the title role. At the end of series appeared to announce the start of *OUT OF THIS WORLD*.

The series began with Leon Griffiths' adaptation of Roy Phillips' *THE YELLOW MILL* — a psychological story set in a psychiatrist's consulting room. It was directed by Jonathan Alwyn with Nigel Stock, Richard Pasco and Peter Dyneley. It was decided that in the 13 week series, only one aspect of s.f. should be shown each week. Thus there was only one robot story, one alien invader, etc.

Other plays included Asimov's *LITTLE LOST ROBOT* from his famous collection, *I, ROBOT* and Philip K. Dick's suspenseful *IMPOSTER*, the story of a man who no longer knows if he is himself or a robot bomb designed to annihilate the Earth.

Each week the programme opened with an introduction by Boris, white-haired and immaculate, standing against a futuristic background philosophising on how little man really knows of the world he lives in.

Production was excellent and settings and costumes were ambitious. There was good acting and direction, and for once adaptation was kept as near to the original as possible. The series came to a close with *THE TYCOONS*, an original teleplay satirising s.f. by Bruce Stewart. So ended what was probably Britain's best s.f. programme. Let's hope it will be back with Boris once more at the helm.

—MIGUEL PARRY

# MONSTERS

MORGORS (skelton men of Jupiter) thirsting for John Carter's blood (Reed Crandall's illustration for JOHN CARTER OF MARS).



of  
EDGAR  
RICE  
BURROUGHS

by  
RICHARD  
LUPOFF



SAGOTH (hideous opemon of the world under our feet) interrogates the bound David Innes, in Frank Frazetta's version of this scene from AT THE EARTH'S CORE.

**RICHARD A. LUPOFF,**  
*the author of MONSTERS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, is one of the world's leading authorities on ERB, monsters and the science-fiction field.*

Dick spends most of his time as editor-in-chief of Canoveral Press, where one of his major duties is sorting and editing the posthumous papers of Edgar Rice Burroughs. (Canoveral has published several of these manuscripts in exclusive, authorized, hard cover editions, in addition to reprinting many of the scarcest Burroughs novels.) Currently, Dick is polishing a 65,000 word scholarly reference work, **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER of ADVENTURE**, to be published later this year. While we wait for THAT opus, we offer this CoF EXCLUSIVE to whet your appetite . . .

" . . . the girl's first intimation that she was not alone came when she raised her eyes to look full into the horrid countenance of a fearsome monster which blocked her path toward camp.

"The sudden shock brought a single involuntary scream from her lips. And who can wonder! The thing thrust so unexpectedly before her eyes was hideous in the extreme. A great mountain of deformed flesh clothed in dirty, white cotton pajamas! His face was of the ashen hue of a fresh corpse, while the white hair and pink eyes denoted the absence of pigment, a characteristic of Albinos.

"One eye was fully twice the diameter of the other, and an inch above the horizontal plane of its tiny mate. The nose was but a gaping orifice above a deformed and twisted mouth. The thing was chinless, and its small, foreheadless head surmounted its colossal body like a cannon ball on a hill top. One arm was at least twelve inches longer than its mate, which was itself long in proportion to the torso, while the legs, similarly mismatched and terminating in huge, flat feet that protruded laterally, caused the thing to lurch fearfully from side to side as it lumbered toward the girl.

"A sudden grimace lighted the frightful face as the grotesque eyes fell upon that new creature . . ."

These words vividly describing the hideous creation of a mad scientist's blasphemous ambition — who wrote them? Could they be the product of Mary W. Shelley, authoress of the great-

est "monster book" of them all, **FRANKENSTEIN**? Could they have been penned by Bram Stoker, who chilled the world with **DRACULA**? Or would you guess the author to be H. P. Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert Bloch . . . or perhaps J. Sheridan Le Fanu, or Charles Maturin?

Any of those would be a good try, if you were guessing, but none of them is right, for the horrid words quoted above appear on page 39 and 34 of **THE MONSTER MEN** by Edgar Rice Burroughs. That's right — Edgar Rice Burroughs, the man who is known to the world as the creator of Tarzan of the Apes.

Millions of fans thrill to the adventures of the Lord of the Jungle, whether they see them in the new films of Jack Palance, or the classic screen treatments featuring Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Glen Morris, Lex Barker, or any other of the baker's dozen Hollywood stars who have portrayed Tarzan since Elmo Lincoln first appeared in a silent Tarzan film almost fifty years ago.

Of course Tarzan was not invented as a movie hero — the films have all been adaptations, more or less faithful, of the ingenious novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, whose first Tarzan book appeared in 1914, and whose latest, **TARZAN AND THE MADMAN**, is making its first appearance right now, in the spring of 1964 — on the Golden Anniversary of the first book of Tarzan.

Not as famous as the Tarzan stories (which have been spread, aside from

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their book form, in magazines, comic strips, comic books, bubble gum cards, radio shows, phonograph records, and just about every other medium there is), are Edgar Rice Burroughs' other works. Fewer than half of his books are about Tarzan; the rest range from science-fiction to westerns to romances to mysteries . . . to monsters!

**THE MONSTER MEN** is itself a wonderful story, involving a scientist who seeks, like the original Dr. Frankenstein, to create artificial human life. Instead of the famous operating table of Dr. Frankenstein, Burroughs' scientist, Dr. Maxon, has a series of chemical vats. Assisted by the wicked von Horn, Dr. Maxon produces one experiment after another, thirteen in all. Each is another attempt to create a perfect human being. The description at the beginning of this article is the author's word picture of Experiment Number One. And when Number One "lurch(ed) fearfully from side to side as it lumbered toward the girl," that girl was none other than Professor Maxon's beautiful daughter Virginia.

The setting of the professor's laboratory in **THE MONSTER MEN** is far from the Transylvanian castles of **FRANKENSTEIN** and **DRACULA**. Instead, Professor Maxon's laboratory is located within a walled compound on a jungle isle, far in the Pacific. The hero of the story is Experiment Number Thirteen, who has two identities in addition to his laboratory number. One is that of Bullan, in which role he swings through the tropical jungle in finest Tarzan fashion.

The other is . . . a surprise, and I won't be the one to give it away if I can help it.

Burroughs used the Frankenstein theme and the monster theme in general in many of his science-fiction and adventure story novels.

In **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**, on a lost continent located near the Antarctic Ocean, Burroughs provides a complete range of monsters — dinosaurs, pterodactyls, and, most fascinating of all, the terrifying Wieros. The Wieros are hideous, man-like creatures equipped with leathery, reptilian wings; they live in a city built entirely of human skulls . . . the awful relics of their countless victims. Here is Burroughs' description of these dismal monsters, as seen from the viewpoint of the hero of the story, Bradley, who at the moment is a prisoner of the Wieros in the City of Human Skulls:

"As we sat gazing at them, one of the two awoke, separated his wings to release his arms that had been folded across his breast, placed his hands upon the floor, dropped his feet and stood erect. For a moment he stretched his great wings slowly, solemnly blinking his large, round eyes. Then his gaze fell up-



Famed Burroughs cinema heroes, Johnny Weismuller and Johnny Sheffield.

on Bradley. The thin lips drew back tightly against yellow teeth in a grimace that was nothing but hideous. It could not have been termed a smile, and what emotion it registered the Englishman was at a loss to guess. No expression whatever altered the steady gaze of those large, round eyes, there was no color upon the pasty, sunken cheeks. A death's-head grinned as though a man long dead raised his parchment-covered skull from an old grave.

"The creature stood about the height of an average man but appeared much taller from the fact that the joints of his long wings rose fully a foot above his hairless head. The bare arms were long and sinewy, ending in strong, bony hands with claw-like fingers — almost talonlike in their suggestiveness. The white robe was separated in front, revealing skinny legs and the further fact that the thing wore but a single garment, which was of fine woven cloth. From crown to sole the portions of the body exposed were entirely hairless, and as be noted this, Bradley also noted for the first time the cause of much of the seeming expressionlessness of the creature's countenance — it had neither eyebrows nor lashes. The ears were small and rested flat against the skull, which was noticeably round, though the face was quite flat . . ."

The Wieros are of course just one small aspect of the fantastic array of imaginative creatures populating the territory of Caspak in this Burroughs novel, but we must skip over the rest if we are to get to Edgar Burroughs' other monsters in the space allotted to us.

There are, for instance, the denizens of the lost world of Pellucidar, featured in a series of seven novels by ERB. These books (**AT THE EARTH'S CORE**, **PELLUCIDAR**, **TANAR OF PELLUCIDAR**, **TARZAN AT THE EARTH'S CORE**, **BACK TO THE STONE AGE**, **LAND OF TERROR**, and **SAVAGE PELLUCIDAR**) take place in a land located inside the Earth itself!

The series opens with two scientists, the young David Innes and his companion, Abner Perry, burrowing into the earth in a new invention of Perry's the Iron Mole, a device intended to be used in prospecting for mineral deposits.

Instead, of all things, David and Abner Perry discover a whole lost world, located 500 miles beneath the crust of the Earth, lighted by a miniature sun and inhabited by humans, beasts both primitive and modern, and monstrous hosts of intelligent beings never known on the outer world.

There are, for instance, the Mahara, a race of giant, intelligent reptiles, winged as are pterodactyls, hideous, gloomy creatures that delight in eating humans. Or the Thipdars, the true, giant impersonations of Pellicular, who feed people to their young.

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PEW MOGEL, the mad synthetic monster, confronts John Carter, the Warlord of Mars, in this beautiful Reed Crandall illo from JOHN CARTER OF MARS; the terrible Green Man Tar Tarkas watches helplessly as the Great White Ape moves past Deja Thoris. The story, first published as GIANT OF MARS in Amazing Stories under the Burroughs byline, is suspected by some authorities to actually have been written by the author of the John Carter newspaper strip.



## ERB'S FRANKENSTEIN

In Burroughs' classic "FRANKENSTEIN" type novel, THE MONSTER MEN, Prof. Maxon—in his jungle laboratory in the wilds of Borneo—creates thirteen artificial beings while searching for the secret of human perfection. The unfortunate first experiment, Number One (top left) develops into a hideous freak. The next eleven are progressively closer to human form, but still a long way from perfection. Then, out of the



equipment designed for the construction of the thirteenth experiment, steps a handsome blond being of perfect proportions (to right). Is Number Thirteen, as he is called, really the perfect being he seems to be, or is he too, inside, of the same mold as the outwardly deformed "experiments"? Number One manages to abduct the professor's daughter, and carries her into the jungle, while Number Thirteen battles his way through the hordes of Borneo natives to rescue her.

Two artists illustrating the same scene from the novel GODS OF MARS point up the fact that a Burroughs Martian novel is one of the most demanding tasks of any illustrator's career. Not only are they filled with a multitude of exactly described creatures, but the descriptions are spread out over eleven novels; so that in order to illustrate any one of them accurately, the artist must carefully study all eleven books! Larry Ivie's illustration, to the right, is a highly accurate depiction of the corpse-scavenging Plant Men and the Great White Apes attacking the valiant Green Man Tars Tarkas and John Carter of Earth. To the left, Reed Crandall—considered one of the finest illustrators for comic books before he left the field—has produced a beautifully rendered, but inaccurate drawing. (Martian animals—according to Burroughs—do not have nails or claws; Green Men do not wear headgear; Martian "Apes" are smooth-skinned, not hairy; the intermediary limbs of the Green Men are not located directly under the upper arms, but closer to the waist; the eyes, not the ears, of the Green Men are at the sides of the head; Martian Plant men have relatively short arms, and wavylike black hair.)



THIPDARS and a monster Cave Tiger, about to wreak havoc on Dian the Beautiful and David Innes, as drawn by Frank Frazetta for PELLUCIDAR.



Even Burroughs' famous hero, Tarzan, is menaced from all sides by a variety of monster men and beasts as he strides boldly into the lost city of Opar (facing page, top) in a scene from THE RETURN OF TARZAN. Tarzan filmstars have never reached the high peak of imagination found in other Burroughs adventures. Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan (now a Today show regular) and Sheppard confront the king of beasts (facing page, bottom), not much of a monster compared to the hideous River Lizard (below) that Ton Hodson throws his sword at with a last burst of strength (drawn by Reed Crandall for A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS).



Or the Horibs, the slimy lizard-men who keep their prisoners in filthy subterranean caves where the fetid atmosphere of captured air bubbles is all that they have to breathe while being fattened for the slaughter and feast.

Burroughs was a great one for dinosours and other horrors. His famous Venus series (PIRATES OF VENUS, LOST ON VENUS, CARSON OF VENUS, ESCAPE ON VENUS, and the novelette *The Wizard of Venus* in his book TALES OF THREE PLANETS) abound with beasts. These books tell the story of the adventurous Carson Napier, whose ill-fated space flight, intended to bring him to Mars, goes wrong and nearly plunges him to flaming death in the Sun.

Instead, he manages to crash-land on the planet Venus, where, in his adventures, he encounters such strange creatures as these:

**The Klangoi:** Another race of winged, man-like creatures. Unlike the Wicros of THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, and the Mahars of the Pellucard series, the Klangoi are birdlike, rather than reptilian.

**The Basto:** A hideous creature of Venus, with horns, fangs, and a vicious temperament. And Basto grow as large as 1200 pounds! Watch out for Basto!

**The Brokols:** A strange people of Venus who produce seeds instead of having babies! The seeds are planted, and grow into trees, upon which grow the new generation of — Brokols!

**The Gantor:** A Venusian beast resembling an elephant — but so huge that an elephant would be dwarfed beside one.

**The Kazars:** A sort of combination bird-of-prey and hunting dog; much smaller than a Basto, but just as nasty. I wouldn't want to meet either!

**The Kleonoburgans:** "Venusian cavemen" is about the best way to describe these fellows — hairy, stupid, but they make good soldiers!

**The Mistal:** A Venusian rat — but as big as a house cat!

**The Myposus:** These are the best (or worst) of all — fish-men whose young are actually little fish raised in ponds by slaves. As they grow up they change into man-like creatures, but they always keep their pop-eyes, their webbed fingers and toes — and their gills!

**The Rotik:** A Venusian sea-monster, 1000 feet long, with a huge mouth and an eye on a stalk fifteen feet long, that it can use like the periscope of a submarine.

**The Targo:** The giant, eight-legged Venusian spider — nearly as large as a man, and its bite causes instant and complete paralysis! Whoosh!

... And there is Thorbar and the Tongass and the hideous Vere; the intelligent, amebo-like Voogorgans and the Zorot and the cannibalistic Zangans, and the huge Zalder and the smaller Neozoldar . . .

And all in all, Burroughs' Venus series is about as full of monsters and strange beasts and stranger people as the most hardened fan could wish.

And of course there's Burroughs' Mars series. Here again are monsters of many sorts, and daring heroes leading mas-

velous adventures galore! Here are a few of the titles: A FIGHTING MAN OF MARS (with more giant spiders, and a mad king who delights in tortures!), and THE GODS OF MARS (with cannibalistic man-plant-beasts, and an underground kingdom where an ancient religion is continued in secret), or such stories as *The Giant of Mars* or *Skeleton Men of Jupiter*, both of which are included in the book JOHN CARTER OF MARS.

The *Giant of Mars* is another Frankenstein-like creature, while the Skeleton Men are terrifying creatures whose very bones are visible through their thin, transparent flesh!

Oh, Burroughs' procession of monsters is endless — consider the Vargas of THE MOON MEN, or the Kalkars of the same book; or the terrible primitive men of THE CAVE GIRL (which might better be called THE CAVE MAN, if the truth be told!) or any one of a dozen others.

The world may know Edgar Rice Burroughs best for his creation of Tarzan — but millions of enthusiastic readers of science-fiction adventures, especially those who love their creatures on the unusual side, are devoted followers of ERB in this second, completely different field.

—RICHARD A. LUPOFF





In lieu of our continuing Lon Chaney Jr. article — squeezed out by the untimely death of Peter Lorre — we offer this eerie scene of Lon and Lugosi from THE GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN.

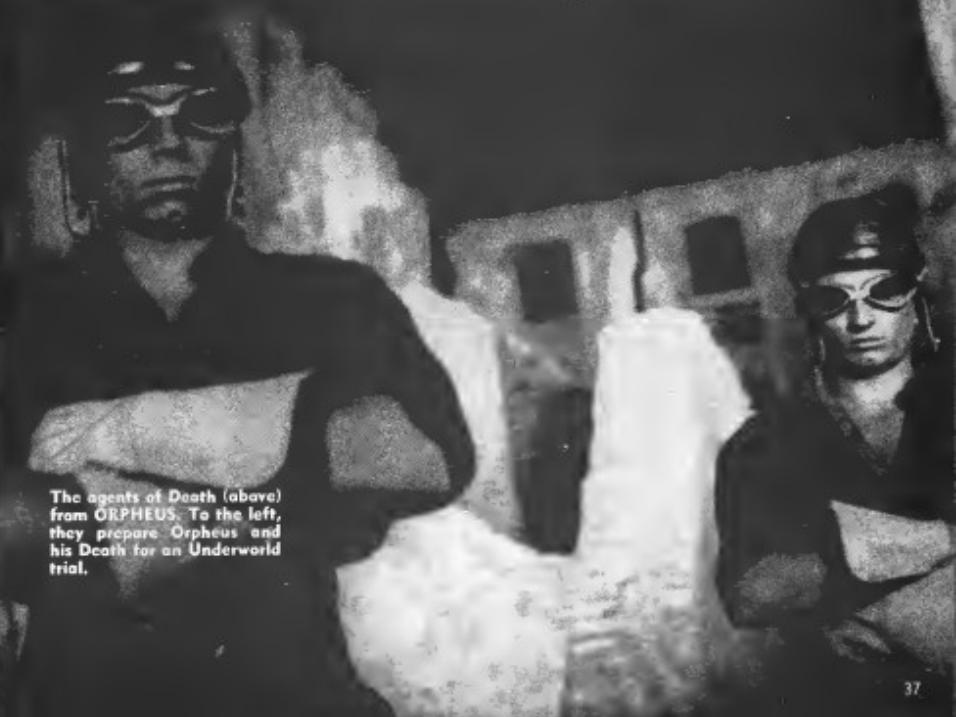


*the Testament of  
Jean Cocteau  
(1889-1963)*

**by John Benson**



**S**everal years ago Jean Cocteau's **ORPHEUS** was playing in a Baltimore theatre when a fire broke out in a trash barrel near the screen; immediately the whole auditorium was bathed in light as flames shot up several feet. An usher ran down the aisle and rattled the can across the



The agents of Death (above) from **ORPHEUS**. To the left, they prepare Orpheus and his Death for an Underworld trial.



cement floor to the exit. Meanwhile a phone call had brought an automatic three-alarm because of theatrical fire laws, and engine crews descended upon the theater, full dress firemen with axes clumped up and down the aisles. Yet out of an audience of nearly 300 people only four left their seats and those continued to watch the screen from the rear of the theater. Some people who spoke to the manager after the show were not even aware that there had been a fire or a disturbance. Such is the artistic power of Cocteau.

October 10, 1933 marked the death of "the master of fantasy," as film critic Pauline Kael has described Jean Cocteau. Though equally at home in reflecting his peculiar vision of reality in all of the arts, it is in his films that Cocteau most powerfully recreated his world, which he himself once described as being "inhabited by delightfully ambiguous monsters."

Cocteau was born on July 5, 1889 and spent his young manhood in Paris as part of a literary circle that included Edmond (Gyano de Bergene) Rostand and Marcel Proust. During this time he was influenced greatly by his meetings with Picasso.

As a boy, Cocteau read and collected the works of Jules Verne and studied the work of Robert Houdin, the great French magician from whom Harry Houdini took his name. He speaks "devouring" The Picture of Dorian Gray at the age of sixteen.

When Cocteau made his first important film, BLOOD OF A POET, in 1933, he was already an important figure as a writer and an artist. Although he had made JEAN COCTEAU MAKES A FILM several years previously, all prints have become lost.

To the left is Jean Cocteau himself as he appears in a scene from THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS (also above right). Tap left and center are eerie sequences from the early BLOOD OF A POET. On the facing page Beast carries the fainting Beauty through halls lit by human candelabras.

BLOOD OF A POET was financed by Vicomte de Noailles, who also helped the career of Luis Buñuel, whose earlier UN CHIEN ANDALOU, still a classic, shocked the world with its opening shot of a woman's eyeball being slashed by a scorpion. De Noailles had asked Cocteau for an animated cartoon, but it was soon found that animation required a staff and equipment then unknown in France. Cocteau says that BLOOD OF A POET is "a way of using dreams without sleeping" and denies the label "surrealistic" that critics have attached to the film.

The New York Times described the "pictures that lash the senses with strange images and stimulate responses such as you never get from ordinary films" that made up the four parts of the film: 1) "The Wounded Hand"; 2) "Do Walls Have Ears"; 3) "The Battle of the Snowballs"; 4) "The Prodigation of the Heart." In the opening sequence a sculptor puts his hand to the lips of the statue he has just completed; to his horror he finds that his mouth is transferred to his palm and his hand seems to speak to him. The statue comes to life.

The artist stands before a full length mirror that has been seen hanging on the wall throughout the scene, and suddenly in a most fantastic piece of special effects, he falls forward into it and is swallowed up into what appears to be a vertical wall of liquid.

In "Do Walls Have Ears," the artist inspects a series of mysterious rooms along a hallway. In one room he finds a small girl crawling across the ceiling and crouching in the room's upper corners to escape an unknown attacker. In the last sequence of the film the artist encounters a strange half-human character sprawled across a sofa, holding a sign "Danger, Death."

In 1942 Cocteau wrote the dialogue for and played in LE BARON FANTOME, an atmospheric film which sported a ruined castle complete with dangerous surroundings by moonlit forests. The following year he wrote the screenplay for THE ETERNAL RETURN, a moody adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde legend, another film with the traditional sets and costuming of the period fantasy film, which included a dwarf in the cast.

In 1946, Cocteau directed and wrote the screenplay and dialogue for BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, adapted from Mme. LePrince de Beaumont's classic fairy tale, called "a sensuously fascinating film" by the New York Times, and a "brilliant example of what cameras can do with a poet in charge" by Newsweek. Combining horror with the exquisite, Jean Marais played Beast, with hairy face and princely costume. Josette Day played Beauty, with a princesslike simplicity.

When Beauty's father comes upon Beast's castle on a stormy night, he is led through the castle halls by human arms that grow from the walls and hold candlesticks to an ornate dining room where faces carved in wood on an elaborate fireplace move their eyes and peer from the gloom. Hands growing from the center of the fully-spread table serve his dinner, and after eating he falls asleep. The next morning, as he prepares to leave the mysterious castle, he picks a rose for his daughter Beauty; suddenly Beast appears and demands death for the theft of his rose. Beast gives one condition; that one of his daughters can die in his place.

When her father returns home, Beauty's sisters blame him for picking the rose, but she returns to Beast's castle



## LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES



## THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS



## THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



to take his place. There she leads a solitary life; she sees Beast only once a day at dinner. One night Beauty finds Beast walking through the castle, his clothes torn and his whole body smoking, the goodness and evil of his soul fighting within him.

Finally Beauty asks permission to leave for one week to visit her dying father, and Beast assents, though he tells her that if she does not return, he will die of sadness.

Once she is home on her farm, Beauty's sisters persuade her to stay; secretly they plot how to steal from Beauty the key to Beast's treasure that he had given her. However, the dying Beast sends a magic mirror by his pure white horse, and through it Beauty sees him in the throes of death. Moved by the sight, Beauty spirits herself back with Beast's magical paraphernalia. Just as Beast is taking his last breaths, he is miraculously transformed into a handsome prince, and they are both lifted into the sky to disappear into the clouds.

Coccaz (who says that "Wonderland has little use for vanities; mystery exists only in precise things") has provided a wealth of Dose-like detail that could only be provided by actual location shooting in the old frame houses and chateaux that still existed in the French countryside. Henri Alekan's remarkable photography augments the atmosphere of unreality.

When the film first opened, it was considered too sophisticated for children, and too simple in its telling for adults. History has vindicated Coccaz, for *BEAUTY AND THE BEAST* is now considered one of the classics of the fantasy screen.

In 1950, Coccaz wrote the dialogue, adaptation and narration for *LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES* from his novel. His own voice narrates this strange tale of the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister who, through voluntary isolation from the normal world, have not lost the dark memories and visions of childhood. The world they create for themselves—"verges upon myth" says the narration, and includes "the game" by which the two submerge themselves into an eerie inner fantasy world to which the audience is not admitted, and a "treasure," a collection of useless knickknacks and stolen objects endowed with secret significance by the pair, which eventually includes a rare horrible-looking poison which becomes the catalyst that brings the inevitable conclusion of death. Time called it "a baroque, grotesque, always fascinating excursion into a dark-bright dream world . . . a swelling Vivaldi-Bach concerto score shores up the fragmented melodramatics of this brilliantly macabre Coccaz party."

Starring Nicole Stéphane and Edouard Dermoth as the brother and sister Paul and Elizabeth, and Renée Cosima in a dual role, the film was directed and produced by Jean-Pierre Melville (whose recent *MAGNET OF DOOM* thrilled audiences at the New York Film Festival). The snowball fight between schoolboys in the shadows of dusk among the gothic buildings of Paris parallels the snowball sequence in *BLOOD OF A POET*.

Coccaz supervised *LES ENFANTS TERRIBLES* closely, and it is a film of which he was particularly fond; but that same year he was making *ORPHEUS*, which is probably why he didn't direct *LES ENFANTS TERRIBLE* himself. *ORPHEUS* is his most famous and criti-

cally accepted film, a classic of motion picture fantasy.

Cocteau's cinematic version of the Greek legend opens in a cafe, the hangout of unsuccessful poets and artists who are envious of the famous poet Orpheus (Jean Marais) who has come to talk with an older poet-laureate. While they talk, an argument develops in the cafe, and in the scuffle that follows a tipsy young poet (Edward Dernie) walks into the path of two speeding motorcyclists. The woman who had accompanied the young poet beckons to Orpheus and be aids her and the chauffeur in carrying the youth to her limousine; she insists that Orpheus accompany them.

And at that moment Orpheus departs from reality to enter a supernatural world, for the woman he is traveling with is his Death! They travel through eerie negative landscapes reminiscent of *NOSFERATU*.

Finally they stop at a large ramshackle mansion standing in an open desert. Inside are the cyclists who had run down the tipsy poet. Death brings the young man to life again (actually he is still dead — he now only has life as a spirit, or ghost). Orpheus discovers that mirrors are the entrance to the Underworld (again Cocteau uses mirrors for uncanny effect), as the Death-woman and her new servant disappear through one.

Orpheus is taken back to the real world by the chauffeur, where he finds his wife Eurydice frantic with worry. Her uneasiness increases when Orpheus spends all his time listening to the radio of the chauffeur's unearthly car, which emits strange cryptic messages that Orpheus feels are great poetry.

The Death-woman returns and takes the life of Eurydice. Orpheus persuades the chauffeur to lead him after them, and is given a pair of gloves that enable him to walk through the mirror. Orpheus touches the mirror — and his hand sinks into it! For this one shot Cocteau used a vat of purified mercury, which took considerable time and expense.

Once through the mirror, Orpheus enters an Underworld of darkened rooms where lost figures wonder. In sets akin to those in Orson Welles' *THE TRIAL*, an incredible trial takes place in which both the Death-woman and her chauffeur are condemned for disobeying the powers above; they must suffer an unceaseable punishment. Orpheus and Eurydice are permitted to return to the World, but Orpheus is forbidden ever to look at his wife.

Orpheus finds such a limitation difficult, and Eurydice is soon killed when he accidentally glimpses her reflection in a mirror. He rushes out into the yard and finds an angry group of poets forming; he too is accidentally killed when a gun is dropped.

His death and her chauffeur, at great risk of further reprisals, decide, through incantations, to reverse time and to give Orpheus and Eurydice a life together with supernatural interference. Through an eerie and uncanny sequence in which portions of the film are shown backwards this is brought about, and Orpheus and Eurydice find themselves together and alive in the real World, their whole fantastic experiences having been erased from time.

Jean Cocteau's last film was made three years before his death. He wrote, directed and starred in the film: Edouard Dernie, Jean-Pierre Léaud, Daniel Cohn, Lucia Rose, Jean Marais, and



BLOOD OF A POET

### THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST



# Oldies but Goodies



You Didn't Axe For It (neither did Joan Crawford in *STRAIT-JACKET*), but it was generally agreed upon by The Alliance For Better Horror Films that Cef should show some rare scenes from a few of the Great Ones now and then in a special section such as this. So over in the upper left corner is what The Great Profile, John Barrymore, looked like in *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE* (Paramount, 1920). Below, Bela Lugosi was experimenting raising monster bats in *THE DEVIL BAT* (PRC, 1941). On the next page is a still from a scene that has been censored from *FRANKENSTEIN* (1932). Here, Boris Karloff, the Monster, has just drowned a little girl.







Another scene from Por.'s 1920 *Jekyll & Hyde*, with Barrymore on the rather snide Hyde side in the middle of a rather unfriendly crowd. They're about to stop him from selling Ugly Pills to kids in the neighborhood.



The immortal Lugosi in a scene from his greatest film, *DRACULA* (Universal, 1931). He seems to be saying, "Being a professional vampire doesn't necessarily mean living forever . . . it's just sleeping in these confounded coffins that makes it seem that way." And Belo very easily could have said it, for he had a tremendous sense of humor as all his friends knew.

END

CASTLE of

# FRANKENSTEIN

Goes Underwater and Meets . . .

## THE INCREDIBLE MR. LUBIN

Kafka's puzzled hero metamorphosed into a caterpillar. Larry Talbot grew hair when the moon waxed full. And Henry Limpet — a very average fellow in every other respect — falls off a Brooklyn pier one day and finds himself transformed into a talking fish. To properly herald this unprecedented maritime phenomenon — as chronicled in the new Warner Brothers Technicolor fantasy, "The Incredible Mr. Limpet" — several plane loads of newspapermen and magazine editors were flown to Weeki Wachee Springs ("The Spring of the Live Mermaids") in Florida for a special submerged screening of the film — "the world's first underwater premiere." Among the journalists were newspapermen from New York, Chicago, Toronto, San Francisco, London and even Sidney, Australia — as well as a special representative from *Castle of Frankenstein*. Along to check out the fantasy elements in a film with a decided lycanthropy theme, not to mention three days of soaking up the glorious Florida sunshine, your reporter had an added dividend: an interview with the director of the film, Arthur Lubin — who not only is one of Hollywood's outstanding directors of comedies with a fantastic flair and comedies that mix laughter with terror, but also is responsible for the Claude Rains version of *The Phantom of the Opera*!

"I directed many of the Abbott and Costello pictures," Lubin reminisced. "And nearly all of Marlon Brando's films," he added, with a laugh. And indeed he had — for, during the heyday of *Universal* in the thirties and forties, he was one of Hollywood's most active craftsmen — and still is today. For the last three years he has directed the *Mr. Ed* television series, and played a major part in the creation of that phenomenally successful talking horse. He had just come to Florida after directing *Mae West* in a *Mr. Ed* episode — *Mae West* being an old personal friend. "She is really a fantastic woman. She hardly looks half her actual age. And she has a way with her lines — the most innocent, harmless line — that knocks out everybody on the set.



She's a genuine trooper, a really first-class performer with guts and class and staying power." He settled back in his chair, chatting fondly about *Mae West*, whom he someday hopes to star in a TV series of her own, tentatively called *Mae West, Private Detective*. If he ever gets the time because *Mr. Ed* shows every sign of going on forever . . .

It's a measure of success in every way deserved by this distinguished director, relaxing opposite me in the Florida sunshine, the day before the gala premiere of *The Incredible Mr. Limpet*. All around us were the elements of fantasy and adventure — the lush tropical vegetation, the incredible submarine world of the many hot springs nearby, the colorful gels that border the Gulf of Mexico. And the many legends of ghostly Seminoles who haunt this section of Florida, where much Indian blood was spilled in earlier days. Lubin was alert

to all of this, an active hearty man in his mid-fifties, with steel-gray hair, quick eyes and an unflagging curiosity. And he's a good talker. (Pressed into serving as master of ceremonies of the post-premiere gala party, he milked more laughter from the hardened newspapermen present than even another of the guests, Arthur Godfrey.) Our conversation ranged across some thirty years of Hollywood history, from Universal and some of the other directors in that studio's stable — particularly Robert Siodmak, the great master of terror — to Mr. Limpet, of whom Lubin is justifiably proud.

It was only natural that Arthur Lubin was to direct *The Incredible Mr. Limpet* — what could be more logical than to have the man who held the reins for most of the *Francis*, the *Talking Mule* picture and the TV series about a talking horse direct a film about a talking fish? As in most of Lubin's comedy films, Limpet mixes a generous portion of laughter with solid chunks of terror and mystery. In this case it is submarine warfare. Limpet is set in the dangerous days of World War II, and when mild-mannered bookkeeper Henry Limpet (played by Don Knotts), after being rejected as physically unfit by the armed forces, suddenly discovers himself transformed into a fab, he volunteers his services to the Navy, and becomes their "secret weapon" driving Nazi U-boats out of Atlantic waters. It's a charming, good-natured film, blending animation sequences with live-action (all the Limpet-anti-fish scenes are animated), that rare type of film these days which will delight every member of the family. But its basic formula, that blending of comedy and terror which is Lubin's stock-in-trade, has been used by him often before. Remember Abbott and Costello in *Hold That Ghost*? The haunted roadside to which Bud and Lou come on a stormy night . . . the strange shapes and sounds awaiting them inside. Nearly all of the films he did for the comedy pair contained at least one "spook sequence" — like Lou Cos-



Famed sf-fantasy author Theodore Pratt (extreme right), author of the novel on which the film was based, and Arthur Lubin (left) eat cacaonuts with the film's co-stars, Jock Weston and Andrew Duggan.

tello's hair-raising journey through a funhouse in *Keep 'Em Flying*, almost a classic example of the genre — which was an expert master of gooseflesh and laughter.

In Hollywood you become categorized very quickly. You direct a bit comedy, and you are heralded immediately as a "comedy director" and find yourself doing nothing else. Not Arthur Lubin, though. His work is extremely varied. "I directed some of John Wayne's first pictures . . . just after I got out of college and started at Universal, and long before John became box-office," he recalled to me. This was when John Wayne was doing outdoor adventures for Universal and serials for Mascot, in the years before John Ford's *Stagecoach* made him a star. This was, for Arthur Lubin, the year 1935, and he has been working steadily at his profession ever since. Besides the *Francis* and the *Abbott* and *Castello* films, he has done mysteries like *Footsteps in the Fog*, elaborate desert fantasies like *White Savage* and *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*, and such sun-desert fantasies as *It Grows On Trees* — about the family that finds a money-tree blooming in their back yard. But perhaps his single most important film was *The Phantom of the Opera*. And it is some indication of his skill that Universal chose him to direct this, their most ambitious motion picture of the early 1940's.



#### LUBIN'S PHANTOM

Universal's 1943 production of *The Phantom of the Opera* was the most expensive motion picture the studio had ever attempted. It cost an unprecedented \$1,750,000. And it was a project that would give whoever directed it several major headaches. The famous Lon Chaney Sr. version of 1925 on which it was to be based had elements which would be hard to duplicate — chief among them the genius of Chaney himself. The great unmasking sequence was so memorable a moment in the history of the screen that any re-staging of it would surely suffer in comparison. Chaney's fantastic talents had made the silent classic virtually a vehicle for his skills; the newer version — simply because the great actor's genius had been stilled — would have to shift its emphasis from the shadowy figure of Eric, the phantom who haunted the Paris Opera House, to a closer kinship with the other characters in the drama. Would this change in accent work? and there were other problems as well. A silent film could suggest the colorful world of the opera without actually subjecting its audiences to long operatic passages; this could no longer be the case. Even though Nelson Eddy, cast as the singing hero, had been for some ten years a motion picture favorite in operetta roles, it would be difficult to



The Phantom masked, as portrayed by Claude Rains (left, center), in Lubin's frightening 1943 version of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

make operas exciting to movie-goers who perhaps never considered this form of music as particularly their own. These were some of the rosy complications faced by the new Phantom.

What made the film great was its visual handling — a sense of pace and mood and superb direction which absolutely stunned the senses. Lubin captured all the movement and spectacle of a great Opera House — indeed, he utilized fantastic camera trickery to make Universal's old opera house set, the same one built for the Chaney film, seem five times again more vast than it actually is. And under this colorful surface action, much like a musical counter-point, he played another, more sinister theme — the lurking danger of the Phantom. Notice how, rather than stopping the flow of the story for the operatic sequences, he uses the operas passages to build up climaxes of terror. A rapt audience concentrates on a stage ringing with passionate music . . . while the camera slowly moves upward, far above the pit and stage, far above the horseshoe tiers, slowly ascending to the very dome of the opera house, where Erik Clauzel hangs above a vast chandelier, maniacally loosening its roots! Cut to the stage once more — and voices lifted in song. Cut to the audience: the orderly rows upon rows, hunched in the semi-darkness, unaware of the second drama taking place high above them. The camera cuts back to the Phantom, his saw inexorably cutting through the chain which holds the massive framework fixture. Then hack to the opera-in-progress. Lubin crooks for what seems like an endless amount of time, in an unbearable little masterpiece of cinematic suspense. Then, the chain is cut through, and the chandelier breaks away. Quick closeup of the soprano, screaming. For one heartstopping second there is absolute silence, as the great circular frame hurtles straight down upon the audience. Then, a sickening crash, and pandemonium.

Lubin utilized all of his operatic scenes as frameworks on which to weave the menace and horror. The murder of the haughty singer Madame Blanquerolle punctuates another evening's performance at the Opera House. And the climax — the tempestuous Russian opera, "Le Prince De Caucasia" (which, like all of the other operatic selections, does not actually exist, but was manufactured from themes of Chopin and Tchaikovsky especially for the film) — works up to a visual as well as a musical crescendo as the Phantom, unnoticed because he is wearing the costume of a policeman he has just killed, overpowers Christine (enchantingly played by Susanna Foster) and carries her to his secret lair deep under the foundations of the Opera House. Lubin incorporated the film's musical interludes into the unfolding of a tale of sheer terror — a skilled orchestration which would have defied a lesser director.

Arthur Lubin is the first to admit that he was immeasurably helped by the brilliant performance of Claude Raines whose sensitive and poignant portrayal of the Phantom differed in approach but not in intensity the performance of his predecessor. This was certainly one of the most memorable roles in Raines' career, and it is to Raines' credit that, although the Phantom deliberately causes a score of deaths during the film, he comes across throughout as totally a sympathetic character. But this is to the director's credit too. Especially when one realizes that, despite the fact that the



film devotes a major portion of its time to Christine's career, and the blossoming love affair between Christine and Anatole (Nelson Eddy), and the friendly-rivalry between Anatole and Inspector Dauhert (Edgar Barrier), it is the Phantom who compels us to give him our sympathy and pity. The surging, colorful life of Paris during its Golden Age . . . seen from a distance, somehow apart, from behind a wall or through a peephole; seen as Erik would see it, a silent, secret spectator from a dark, dank hell. There is in the film as much a feeling of grief for the Phantom as horror for him. And finally, when we descend to that hell, when we watch Christine as she explores her own changed feelings towards the tortured, disfigured man who holds her prisoner, when in that final moment of rescue and destruction the camera picks out the violin lying in the crumpled ruins of the Phantom's underground sanctuary — this is directorial art on a very high level indeed.

The *Phantom of the Opera* won two Academy Awards. It was extremely popular, and a huge financial success for Universal, and is fondly remembered by many even today, more than twenty years later. Arthur Lubin is extremely proud of it — and he should be.

But what of his current plans? Warners has signed him for a three-picture contract, and he has still two films to go. *The Incredible Mr. Limpet* leaves our hero still swimming in the Atlantic, wide open for further adventure, and one suspects that this charming fish story will certainly spawn a sequel. "No decision has been made yet, but it certainly would be fun to do," he confided to me. In the meanwhile, though, he has idea for a story of his own, a fantasy, with which he is currently interesting Warner Brothers. "I don't want to give too much of it away," he laughed, "but it's about a man who falls in love with a steam-shovel. Don Knotts would be perfect for the lead."

There is really no stopping him. Around Hollywood he should be known — and maybe is — as *The Incredible Mr. Lubin*.

—Chris Steinbrunner

ABOVE, left, is Weeki Wachi Springs' idea of a mermaid. And right above is Caf's idea of a mermaid Glynis Johns in *MIRANDA* (Eagle Lion, 1949). And below, that was the Phantom that was when Claude rains down the chandelier on the audience in Lubin's *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* (MGM, 1943).



# LORRE

(Continued from Page 24)

**THE LANCER.** '35. 20th Century-Fox, '37. Gregory Ratoff—Cesar Romero.

**THINK FAST, MR. MOTO.** 20th Century-Fox, '37 Norman Foster—Virginia Held, Thomas Stock.

**THANK YOU, MR. MOTO.** 20th Century-Fox,

'37. Norman Foster—Mr. Moto's GAMBLE. 20th Century-Fox, '38.

James Cagney—Lon Chaney, Jr., Key Lulu, Don Beddoe.

**MR. GOTH TAKES A CHANCE.** 20th Century-

Fox, '38. Norman Foster—Peter Lorre, John Carradine.

**MYSTERIOUS MR. MOTO.** 20th Century-Fox,

'38. Norman Foster—Henry Wilcoxon.

**MR. MOTO'S LAST VICTORY.** (Mr. Moto in Egypt). 20th Century-Fox, '39. Norman Foster—George Sanders, R. Cortes.

**MR. MOTO TAKES A VACATION.** 20th Century-

Fox, '39. Norman Foster—J. Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill.

**I WAS AN ADVENTURER.** 20th Century-Fox, '40.

Gregory Ratoff—Vera Zorina, Ench von Strheim.

**STEAKHOUSE CARGO.** MGM, '40. Frank Borzage—

Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Jon Hall.

**ISLAND OF DOOMED MEN.** Col., '40. Charlton Heston—Robert Wilcox, Rochelle Hudson, George Stone, Eddie Hodges.

**STRANGERS ON THE THIRD FLOOR.** RKO, '40.

Boris Ingster—John McGuire, Margaret Tali-

chet.

**YOU'LL FIND OUT.** RKO, '40. David Butler—

Boris Ingster, Sam Kydd, Kay Kyser, Dennis O'Keefe, Ginny Simms.

**FACE BEHIND THE MASK.** Uni., '41. Robert Flory—Evelyn Keyes, George E. Stone.

**THEY MET IN BOMBAY.** MGM, '41. Clarence Brown—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman.

**MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.** Republic, '41. William Morgan—Dennis O'Keefe, Florence Rice.

**THE MALTESE FALCON.** Warners, '41. John Huston—Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre.

**ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.** Warners, '41. Vincent Sherman—Humphrey Bogart, Jockey Gleason, Conrad Veidt.

**INVISIBLE AGENT.** Uni., '42. Edwin L. Marin,

—Irene Manning, Jon Hall.

**THE BOOGIE MAN WILL GET YOU.** Col., '42.

Lee London—Boris Karloff, Maxie Rosenbloom, Donald Ladd, Lori Parka.

**CASABLANCA.** Warners, '43. Michael Curtiz—

Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henreid.

**THE CONSTANT NYMPH.** Warners, '43. Edmund Goulding—Humphrey Bogart, Chester Morris.

**BACKGROUND TO DANGER.** Warners, '43.

Rodolfo Walsh, George Raft, Robert Greig.

**CROSS OF LORRAINE.** MGM, '43. Tay Garnett,

—Jean Peters-Aumont, Gene Kelly.

**ARMED AND DANGEROUS.** Uni., '43. Frank Capra—Cary Grant, Suzanne Clément.

**PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE.** Warners, '44.

Michael Curtiz—Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Robert Greig, Paul Henreid.

**HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN.** Warners, '44. Delmer Daves—Dana Andrews, Sydney Greenstreet, Errol Flynn, Humphrey Bogart.

**THE MASK OF OMNIMATROS.** Warners, '44. Jean Negulesco—Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid.

**THE CONSPIRATORS.** Warners, '44. Jean Negulesco—Hedy Lamarr, Paul Henreid, Sydney Greenstreet.

**CONTINENTAL AGENT.** Warners, '45. Heribert Stothard—Chas. Boyer, Lauren Bacall.

**HOTEL BERLIN.** Warners, '45. Peter Godfrey—

Helmut Dantine, Andrea King.

**THREE STRANGERS.** Warners, '45. Jean Negulesco—Gordon Fitzgerald, Sydney Greenstreet.

**THE VERDICT.** Warners, '46. Don Siegel—Sydney Greenstreet, George Coulouris.

**THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS.** Warners,

'46. Raoul Walsh—J. Carroll Naish, Andres Kim, Victor Francen, Robt. Alda.

**THE CHASE.** UA, '46. Arthur Ripley.

**BLACK ANGEL.** Uni., '46. Roy William Neill—John Wayne, Don DeFore.

**MY FAVORITE MURKETTI.** Para., '47. Elia T. Kazan—John Wayne, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour.

**CASRAH.** Uni., '48. John Berry—Tony Martin, Mort Sahl, Eddie Bracken.

**ROPE OF SAND.** Para., '49. Wm. Dieterle—

Burt Lancaster, Paul Henreid.

**QUICKSAND.** UA, '50. Irving Pichel—Mickey Rooney, Jeanne Crain.

**DER VERLORENE.** (The Lost One). Arnold Preissinger—St. Louis—co-produced, directed,

written, starred.

**BEAT THE DEVIL.** Sentox-Ventura-Bomar, '53. John Huston—Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Robert Morley.

**DOUBTS AND CONFESION.** Assoc. British-Pathe,

'53. Ken Annakin—David Peel, John Hocken.

**20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA.** Buena-

Vista, '54. Richard Fleischer—James Mason, Paul Lukas, Kirk Douglas.

**CONGO CROSSING.** Uni., '56. Joseph Peyney—Vivian Blaine, James Mason.

**ABOUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.** UA, '56. David Niven, Cantinflas.

**THE BUSTER KEATON STORY.** Para., '57. Sidney Sheldon—Donald O'Connor.

**THE THREE WISE MEN.** Warners, '57. Irvin Allen—Vincent Price, Ronald Colman.

**THE SAD SACK.** Para., '57. George Marshall—Jerry Lewis.

**SILK STOCKINGS.** MGM, '57 Reuben Mamoulian—Frances Adair, Cyd Charisse.

**HELLSHIP MUTINY.** Reg., '57. Lee Sholem and Edward Williams—Jon Hall, John Carradine.

**ROBERT HOOD.** Heuer, '57. Robert Hooper.

**THE BIG CIRCUS.** AA, '59. Joseph Newman—Victor Mature.

**SECRET AGENT.** Michael Todd, Jr., '59. Jack Condit—Denebuk Ellett.

**VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.** 20th Century-Fox, '61. Irwin Allen—Walter Pidgeon, John Agar.

**TESTAMENT OF TERROR.** AIP, '62. Roger Corman—Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price.

**FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON.** 20th Century-Fox, '62. (Vernon Red Buttons, Fabian, The Traveller). AIP, '62. Roger Corman—Boris Karloff, Vincent Price.

**THE COMEDY OF TERRORS.** AIP, '64. Jacques Tourneau—Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price.

**THE PATSY.** Paramount. Jerry Lewis.

(The first name following studio and re-

lease date above is each film's director.)

# Jean Cocteau

(Continued from Page 41)

Charles Aznavour, all top European actors, as well as Pablo Picasso, were included in the cast. "THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS," said Cocteau, "will be my farewell to the screen . . . This film has little to do with my earlier film ORPHEUS. Events are linked as in a dream, with no logical sequence. It is a space film . . . there is so much to discover about time and space . . . TESTAMENT is my legacy to the youth of today . . . Orpheus signifies the poet . . . the poet's legend."

But Cocteau left more than TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS as a legacy; all his films remain, to be shown again and again to prove that film is one of the greatest mediums for fantasy, and that Cocteau is the master of that medium.

—JOHN BENSON

## COCTEAU FILMOGRAPHY

**BLOOD OF A POET.** (LE SANG D'UN POÈTE)—1931. (wrote and directed).

**COMÉDIE AU BONHEUR**—1933. (wrote and directed).

**LE SARON FANTÔME**—1942 (wrote dialogue).

**THE ETERNAL RETURN.** (L'ÉTERNEL RETOUR)—1944. (wrote screenplay and dialogue).

**DOMAINE DU PARK.** (LES DAMES DU BOIS DE VINCENNES)—1945. (wrote dialogue).

**THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.** (LA BELLE ET LA BETE)—1945. (wrote and directed).

**L'AMITÉ NOIRE**—1946. (wrote dialogue), documentary.

**LE BLAS**—1947 (wrote screenplay and dialogue).

**THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS.** (L'AIGLE A DEUX TÊTES)—1947. (wrote and directed).

**LES NOCES**—1948. (direction).

**ROMAVERCI A VENEZIA**—1948. (written), short film.

**LA VOIX HUMAINE**—1948. (collaborated with Rosine Lind).

**LES PARENTS TERRIBLES.** (THE STORM WITH LES INFANTS TERRIBLES)—1949. (written).

**LES INFANTS TERRIBLES.** (THE STRANGE ONES)—1950. (wrote and narrated).

**ORPHEUS.** (ORPHEE)—1950. (wrote and directed).

**MORIOLAN.**—1950. short film.

**VILLA SANTO SOSPIRIO.**—1951. short film.

**EINE MELÖDIE — VIER MÄLER.**—1954. (written), short film.

**THE TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS.** (LE TESTAMENT D'ORPHEE)—1956. (wrote, directed and starred).



In this touching intimate scene, two protagonists come to grips with reality when Bob Alda's altercation ensues after finding Lorraine too gory in Warner's BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS.



JEAN COCTEAU

# MOVIE

## NOOSE REEL

Cof's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction movies . . .

Samuel Bronston's filming of the classic Aldous Huxley BRAVE NEW WORLD will be the most expensive undertaking yet in the field of science-fiction motion pictures. Budget will be in the multi-million bracket. Director will be Jack Cardiff who directed SCENT OF MYSTERY and handled the cinematography chores on THE RED SHOES, PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE MAGIC BOX and one of our favorite film fantasies — STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN. This news about the BRAVE NEW WORLD project — planned for Chroma — comes on the heels of Huxley's death on November 22, 1963 — ironically, the same day of the Kennedy assassination . . .

Not to be outdone, American-International has announced that it's most expensive picture to date will also be a classic — H. G. Wells' WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES, directed in color by Jacques (Carnes of the Demons) Tourneur. Shooting began in London last month with a \$1,500,000 budget . . . A new A-I Poe film will be the cryptic GOLD BUG . . . Also, in Rome, A-I will lease H. P. Lovecraft's abdritch DUNWICH HORROR (see Cof #4 for a review of the book by Eric . . . A-I also reveals plans for a tv series to be based on their new horror-musical IT'S ALIVE . . . Edgar Allan Poe's CITY IN THE SEA starts shooting in October, and THE HAUNTED WORLD, an sf thriller, will be directed by Ibs Melchior in late fall . . .

Horton Ellis, former enfant terrible of the sf world is now under contract to A-I after making his scripting debut with the BURKE'S LAW tv series . . . Martha Hyer will appear three out of five upcoming A-I films . . .

Santos Ortega, the actor who plays Grandpa Hughes on the afternoon soapie AS THE WORLD TURNS was the voice of Commissioner Weston on the old SHADOW radio series. THE SHADOW has recently been resurrected on several radio stations across the country. Hope you're lucky enough to hear a station that carries it . . . Dennis Wheatley, British author and long a horror-fantasy favorite among millions of readers, will have three of his black magog novels adapted into movies for Hammer Films. The original book titles are TO THE DEVIL A DAUGHTER, THE OEVIL RIDES OUT and THE SATANIST . . . Bellin-Tenney are making films in Florida — their next productions FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER, and VOOODOO BLOOD OATH . . . After boxoffice successes with films about plots to assassinate presidential candidates

*Continued on Page 30*



Alain Delon makes like a super hero while robbing a Cannes gambling casino in ANY NUMBER CAN WIN.



Karloff in AIP'S BLACK SABBATH



Above, Hazel Court screams in pain in AIP's **THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH**. Below is another scene from the same film. To the right is a scene from **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH**, AIP's version of Richard Matheson's classic **I AM LEGEND**, in which off-mankind (except for one man) mutate into vampires. On the opposite page: top — Taho's Flying supersub **ATORAGON**; center — Barbara Steele in **THE TERROR OF DR. HITCHCOCK**; bottom — another "Dr." Hitchcock talks with the star of his film **MARNIE**, Sean Connery.



and their kind (as in **MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**) and taking over the U.S. government by betrayal (in **7 DAYS IN MAY**), our country will continue getting the worst of it again in the adaptation of Pat Frank's novel, **FORBIDDEN AREA**. It's high-tension stuff (like the last two named titles) about the efforts of an enemy sabotage unit to paralyze the U.S. defensive and retaliatory power. The Landau Company is producing **FA** — along with **THE FOOL KILLER**, starring Anthony Perkins, which is based upon one of the most outstanding stories of American folklore, Stephen Vincent Benét's **JOHNNY PIG & THE FOOL KILLER**.

Nat Goldstone has formed a new movie studio and his initial efforts include **BOO**, and **TO WALK THE NIGHT** (which could be based on the classic horror novel of the same name by Wm. Sloane). . . . **THE GHOST-BREAKER** is being planned by MGM's tv division for the 1955-56 season; relating to parapsychology & psychic phenomena, it will be a sort of tv version (an hour each time) of **Uninvited** and **The Haunting**. . . . Filming started in April on **GOLDFINGER** — third in the James Bond series. Sean Connery stars once again and budget this time is over \$2,500,000. Honor Blackman, star of the BBC's fantasy-adventure series **THE AVENGERS**, will be playing the coveted role of Pussy Galore. Others in cast: Shirley Eaton and Harold Sakata. Guy Hamilton directs. **THE LAST WILL OF DR. MABUSE** was screened recently at the National Film Theatre in LONDON. . . . **ANYONE CAN WHISTLE**, the Broadway musical fantasy, closed after a week but cast album is available nevertheless.

less. This CoF reporter snuck in during the intermission one night and discovered that both Lee Remick and Angela Lansbury are polished engaging musical performers but felt that the "crazy - people - are - really - sane" plotline was somewhat unsatisfactory for musical purposes.

Edward Van Sloan (of "Frankenstein," "Dracula" and "The Mummy" and many more) died in San Francisco last March at the age of 82. . . . Final title of the BABY JANE follow-up is HUSH, HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE. Robert Aldrich, who directed BABY JANE, has finished shooting an location in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Joseph Cotten, Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in the terror-suspense film . . . THE NIGHT WALKER is William Castle's first pic for Universal, [script by Robert Bloch] starring Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. . . . Marcella Matraiani and Catherine Spaak will costar in an af tale set in the year 2000 A.D. . . . Part of the SHOCK TREATMENT publicity campaign included a Shock Treatment Quotient Generator for lobby displays. It made our hair stand on end — which the picture didn't.

We aren't selling it in Castle, but look around for the first 3-D horror film in 16mm. It "Speaks" — a five minute Three Stooges short originally made for theatrical 3-D \$4.95 price tag includes special two-color glasses. No special attachment needed for your 16mm projector. . . . Franca Georges Franza, the director of "Eyes Without A Face" (titled "Horror Chamber of Doctor Faustus" in this country) recently won the Jean-Jacques Auroff critical award for "JUDEX," a feature remake of an old silent French serial which features a bird-woman. . . . "FANTOMAS," the most famous European serial character of them all, is also due for a feature remake by Andre Hunebelle. . . . Sci-fi magazine illustrator Brian Lewis handing drawings for a 20 min. animated pic "LA BILLUARE DE MILLE SOLEILS" (The Barn of a 100 Suns), directed by Pierre Kast. . . . Hammer Films threw a grotesque party at the Savoy Hotel in London. Shriek-cawed girls turned into bats and diners, forced to wear vampire cloaks with red satin linings, ate a nervous meal in a coffin-litened room. . . . Watch your tv listings for a repeat showing of the Boris Karloff-narrated "CANDISH FAIRY TALE" shown last Dec. on CBS-TV's "Chronicle." Show provided an unusual still-photograph-injection view of famed children's fantasy author Hans Christian Anderson. Film was rushed from New York to London just so Boris' sonorous cultured voice could be added to the soundtrack. . . . Ever wonder what happened to Norman Lloyd who had a lead role in the 1942 Hitchcock film, "SABOTEUR"? Today he's one of the four staff producers of "The Alfred Hitchcock Hour." Hitchcock producer Joan Harrison is married to famed British mystery novelist Eric Ambler. . . . British director Robert Horndean-Davis may catch the famous Loch Ness monster in his lar. His film, "THE LOCH NESS MONSTER," began shooting January at the actual location Davis, along with many local residents, believes in the existence of the creature. . . . The National Board of Review placed "LORD OF THE FLIES" in sixth position on their top ten of 1963. . . . Gothic Productions is preparing a unique teleseries, "TALES OF THE BLACK CAT" which shoots on videotape and then transfers to film. Creator-producer Bruce Anderson says he will strive for a combination of terror and irony, but final negotiations have yet to go through.

Kirk Douglas and director John Frankenheimer have another science fiction pic in the works to follow "SEVEN DAYS IN MAY." It's "SECONDO" — the story of a giant corporation which, for a large fee, can arrange a fake death for a client meanwhile providing him with a new face, friends, background, etc. — based on a

novel of the same title by Fulbright scholar David By Avram Davidson, editor of *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, describes the events of the story as "bitter, wry, beautifully logical, logically simple, simply dreadful" and calls it "a clever, clever novel." (Don't worry, gang, if we get a second chance at life we'll still publish CASTLE.)

A new company called Film Producers Inc. has begun work on SPACE STATION X . . . French director Roger Coggio, using top-notch cameraman Christian Matras, has filmed a subjective study of a psychopath, "LE JOURNAL D'UN FOUL," which mixes hallucination and fantasy. Film is based on the famous Gogol short story set in 19th-century Russia. . . . First production of the new Concorde Film Prod. Co. in Hollywood is "THE DAY IT WAS NIGHT," a story by Bertrand Tavernier to be filmed in Germany. The New York World's Fair has on its min. "VOYAGE TO THE MINDON." The process, Cinemat-Spacecon-364, is projected from below onto a huge domed screen 98-foot high that completely surrounds the audience of 750 on all sides and above. . . . Boris Karloff was scheduled to appear on a "TODAY" show two-hour special on horror films but illness intervened. Without Boris the producers were limited to a few short film clips and a brief chat with Fay Wray. . . . Bob Maxwell, host of the CBS children's show "Do You Know?," was a child actor on "THE GREEN HORNET," the famed super-hero radio show which Castle readers over 20 may recall fondly. . . . Our congrats to Alfred Hitchcock for doing Ray Bradbury's "THE JAR" with Pat Buttram and Colin Wilcox. Hitch told *Cf* this month that this is his favorite of all his scripts. A poll of critics and readers has had daily newspaper film critics across the nation named THE BIRDS as one of the year's Best Photographed films. Hitchcock's regular cameraman, Robert Burks, joined the cast of *MARY POPPINS* and Ray Harryhausen was cited as *Film's* Year for their contribution to THE BIRDS as was Sean Connery for DR. NO. . . . MY FAVORITE MARTIAN, the Buck Rogers, the *Space: 1999*, the *Battle* *Droids*, *Fire* *the* *CORN*, *IT IS GREEN* and *NORTHERN PURSUIT* with Errol Flynn and Pamela Britton of the same show originated the idea of *MONSIEUR BRONSON*, a musical from *BRONSON*. *MONSIEUR BRONSON* Watch for the *MONSIEUR BRONSON* a full tv program. James Bond emulations featuring every male star from Darren McGavin to Robert Vaughn. . . . The CASTLE editors recently journeyed to the New Yorker to catch a film with special effects by Byron Haskin—ON YOUR TOES. Haskin, one of the OUTER LIMITS directors, remembered the days of *THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.* and *QUEST OF SPACE* when *U.N.C.L.E.* NBC Radio followed their initial science-fiction "Experiment in Drama," Bradbury's "Zero Hour" and "There Will Come Soft Rain" (see CASTLE #1) with a broadcast of *Quest* (see *CASTLE* #1) a dozen of letters that poured in. Retitled "Drama—the Experiment—Part II," the second Sunday broadcast, pre-empting the regular "Meet the Press" started Jan. 13 in one hour-long episodes. NBC's 1940 grand finale Harry W. Junkin's "Long Distance" . . . Write to the Hollywood Museum for a copy of their June publication, "Radio Is Dramatic." New film—*It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* (see his update). . . . *I Can't Believe It's Not Butter* (a (jacket) wild horror picture (unquote). . . . Famous Mexican director Luis Bunuel (who made the memorable *UN CHIEN ANDALOU*) has just bought rights to one of the most bizarre science-fiction ever written, Dalton Trumbo's *JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN*, a realistic presentation of a war victim who remains alive a minute after legs, ears and speech. Plan will come in from one of his aides with his own screen. In March of 1940 Arch (Five) Gleason adopted the story to radio and the part was played by James Cagney. We're wondering who Bunuel can cast—especially the young woman in *Burton's LOS OLVIDADORES* (THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED) where old jock's take over a legless man's corp. . . . His *Manchurian Candidate* in THE MAN WITH THE IRON NUKE. Lee Thompson is working on a psychological melodrama *RETURN TO THE ASHES*. Those who remember the fine old Tex Willer series, and especially I Married A Witch (which starred Veronica Lake), may be delighted to know that Agnes Moorhead and Ethel Waters are going to appear in ABC's *SWITCHED* this fall. It's all about a terrific sexy housewife with strange powers "to cloud men's minds."





In Rome, producer Giuseppe Amato is finishing plans to start filming GRAND SIGNO, (partly inspired by the great Paris horde that was recently closed after some hundred years in business). A political error last issue was responsible for the title *Satan Bug* rather than SATAN BUG. Last week on TV, by Ian Stuart, screenplay by James Clavell, a high western USA. It's a shocker about the development and use of biological warfare. Producer-director John Sturges has in the cast George C. Scott, Richard Andrews, David Basehart and John Hodiak. Alan Jay Lerner ("Fair Lady") Lerner and Arthur Jacobs have durante seven nights to the famous old Doctor Doolittle for his new series of children, 72 books in the Doolittle series (written by the late Hugh Lofting) were published between 1926-50, rocking up sales in the USA of one million copies, that including England and 17 other languages. The series concern the ventures of an English doctor who speaks with animals. At least \$6 million dollars will be spent on the wide-screen color musical fantasy.

According to the official motion picture business statistics for the first quarter of 1964, 27% of all the top box office successes were the fantasy-horror variety. This is undoubtedly the beginning of the biggest fantasy-horror cycle in movie history.

—SMOK STEWART



(Upper Left) A heavy Coles crane and a full gang of prop men worked over an hour to get the spaceship ready in position for Schenck's production of H. G. Wells' FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. Scene to immediate left is from Japan's MATANGO, about a terrifying growth that transforms men into horrid fungi. Below: John Saxon and Leticia Roman in AIP's EVIL EYE.

Next Issue: CoF interviews ALFRED HITCHCOCK. Also: A Pictorial feature on The Man From U.N.C.L.E., an imaginative NBC series.



Philip Stone (far left) seems out of place (almost) in anguish in a spacious scene from All THE UNEARTHLY STRANGER.

# Frankenstein TV guide



## THE ADDAMS FAMILY

Another horror-laff getter also planned for the fall by ABC-TV is THE ADDAMS FAMILY, based on weird character types created by the famous cartoonist for more than a quarter of a century for such publishing institutions as *New Yorker* and the late lamented *Collier's* magazine. In Charles Addams' first book collection of cartoons, entitled *Drawn and Quartered*, published in 1942, (which not only has been reprinted often but succeeded by many other Addams collections), there is a foreword by Boris Karloff and an introductory note by Bennett Cerf (Cerf and Karloff were next-door neighbors that year). There has always been a feeling that Karloff served to inspire Addams on to lasting fame; but in his foreword, Karloff would have us believe otherwise: "I hope I will not be accused of undue vanity if I publicly thank Mr. Addams for immortalizing me in the person of the witch's butler, to say nothing of the rather hairy gentleman whose clothes are strangely cut and who appears to subsist on a diet of bananas." (Signed: Boris Karloff, New York, May 16, 1942.)



Upper left: John Astin, of "Dickens . . . Fenster" fame (?), stands a chance of becoming more famous as (upper right) Carolyn Jones's husband. Lower right is what Charlie Chaplin's protege, Jackie Coogan, looks like some 40 years after making *THE KID* — sans bangs and page boy bob, of course. Lower left could be the house Charles F. Kane lives in, but actually it's home for THE ADDAMS FAMILY.



# Frankenstein

TV guide

## THE OUTER LIMITS

returns in the fall and the producers have announced that the emphasis will be on science fiction and not on monsters. Rumor has it that writer-director Joseph Stefano is no longer connected with the show, but may be preparing a new program of his own. *OUTER LIMITS* will be in a Wednesday night spot next season opposite *THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES*. ABC plans to use it to knock down the *HILLBILLIES* ratings.





**SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT**, Joseph Payne Brennan, Macabre House, 1963, 85 pgs., \$3.50. Limited edition of 250 copies.

A hellish entity with eternal life, fettered behind a basement wall, claims a necrophilic oblation once in every generation; a derelict and partially demolished neighborhood harbors the psychic residues of its former tenants; a man is nightly drained of his blood by a ghostly vampire bat, a terrible incantation in an evil swamp evokes a monstrous demon craving blood sacrifice; a rat-infested dump is the better alternative to living in a state-controlled world of conscious death. Such are the themes Joseph Payne Brennan introduces into some of the ten nightmare tales collected in **SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT**.

Mr. Brennan is the author of two earlier volumes of weird tales—one published by Macabre House, the other by Arkham House—both in very small, limited printings. He has also published verse and a number of articles.

Joseph Payne Brennan writes with skill and control in a simple, clear style. But what is most admirable in his fiction is that he continues the grand tradition which virtually died with the demise of **Weird Tales** magazine. Most of the stories in **SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT** are outright pieces of supernatural horror. Mr. Brennan is great at creating truly chilling mood and atmosphere. Seabury Quinn (the widely read creator of the Jules de Grandin stories among other notable contributions to the genre of macabre literature) wrote with enthusiasm about **SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT**: "Brennan's stories are cleverly conceived and extremely well executed . . . I must say I admire Mr. Brennan's work." We are in full agreement here.

**THE HORROR AT CHILTON CASTLE**—the lead story—reveals the horror of a strange, nocturnal tradition held in the crypt of an eerie castle seemingly right out of the Gothic novel of horror. The climax is extremely grotesque in the description of the thing behind the wall, and its terrible, cannibalistic feast to maintain life. **THE TENANTS** tells of a malignant spirit whose annual appearance seeks out a blood sacrifice. **THE MAN WHO FEARED MASKS** concerns a morbid fear that grows and eventually destroys the haunted protagonist. It reflects, too, Mr. Brennan's insight into the workings of the psychopathic mind. **THE DUMP**, one of the best in this collection, is not supernatural at all. It is, rather, a projected vision of a future state that is as horrible in its destruction of individuality as is the mindless hell of George Orwell's **1984**. **IN THE VERY STONES** is a particularly chilling tale that could keep you out of strange, derelict neighborhoods after dark.

Other tales like **THE VAMPIRE BAT**, **KILLER CAT**, **THE**

**MIDNIGHT BUS**, and **THE VISITOR IN THE VAULT** are more in the traditional vein, but none the less effective in producing genuine shudders. Such weird tales rarely appear today in this age where science fiction seems a more likely medium to express our contemporary terrors. And when they do occasionally turn up, they are often sadly lacking and usually fail in the end. Not so with the stories of Joseph Payne Brennan. They are written with an authentic feeling for his subject and mood; they are succinct and to the point; they often climax with a punch and a surprise.

**SCREAM AT MIDNIGHT** is a rewarding evening of ghostly entertainment. It is limited to 250 copies, and all have been autographed by the author. We recommend you obtain this without delay. Copies—should your dealer be sold out—may still be available from the publisher, Donald M. Grant, West Kingston, Rhode Island.

\* \* \* \* \*

**GRAPHIC WORLDS OF PETER BRUEGEL THE ELDER**, selected, edited, and commentary by H. Arthur Klein, Dover Publications, 1963, 289 pgs., \$3.00.

Those acquainted with the magnificent and bizarre works of Hieronymus Bosch are well aware of the strange worlds his imagination transcribed to canvas. One might say that Peter Bruegel (1525?-1569) was a kindred spirit. This new Dover publication of sixty-four engravings and a woodcut is a lavish treat. A long, thick quality paperback edition, it is replete with information and commentary; every print is accompanied by an essay by H. Arthur Klein.

There is firstly the world of landscapes. Here Bruegel is overwhelming, powerful, grandiose! Medieval countrysides are captured in minute detail. The eye is stunned by the stark panoramas of desolate mountains, jagged rocks, infinite horizons, while, in contrast, a great castle is rendered diminutive by its vast, natural surroundings. In these, we enter a world of the past. It may be somber and barren, awesome and magnificient, but we can still recognize this as a one-time real world.

Next we see a world of stately ships and the sea . . . a world of dark skies and tempestuous seas . . . a world, too, where Bruegel blends myth (as in the fall of Icarus) and of Phigonian with reality. In here we glimpse the beginnings of Bruegel's fertile imagination. It is a stately, grand world—awesome and tumultuous—with its imposing galleys from another age.

These worlds, like the world of the festive villagers, peasants, burghers, and aristocrats in celebration and work, belong to the outer worlds of nature and man. Part Two of this volume is devoted to the inner worlds of imagination, morality, and religion. These are the fantastic, often nightmare conceptions of Peter Bruegel. Presented before wondering eye are a host of demons, grotesqueries, and phantasymagories that defy description. Here are Bosch-like creations; witches and wizards; monstrosities of nature, depicted against unreal vistas wherein vice and lust, crime and social injustice, magic and alchemy are treated with bizarre allegorical concepts. One is overwhelmed by the intense, fervid quality of these pictures. They are like a first-hand description of hell.

This is a rich, wonderful book, worth every penny of the \$3.00 price that will take you into strange worlds and nightmare lands. A joy to view, and a most magnificent volume to own—particularly if you are a collector of fantastic art. Peter Bruegel was an incomparable genius in this respect, as well as a transcendent artist of his time.

**THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**, John le Carré, First American edition, 1964, Coward-McCann, 256 pgs., \$4.50.

Berlin! A city torn apart by the cold war. No other city in the world today can evoke the romance of espionage with such "inner shades of far-reaching historical significance. As a city divided, the shadow of the Wall falls both East and West; in both sections there is an ever-present atmosphere of darkness regardless of the time of day, the air charged with an electric intensity. Moving in the shadow of the Wall, people are ever transforming like frightened chameleons. Furtive figures make dubious rendezvous under cover of night. Violence and death explode suddenly and inexplicably. Nocturnal meetings in deserted farmhouses or partially demolished buildings may or may not effect repercussions of international consequence. A vast web of politics and intrigue is the substratum of this city, and is the curious connecting link to the two divided parts. But this link is sensed rather than seen. It is concealed, but one can feel the seething, smoldering pulse of life it has produced. The surface aura encompassing the two sectors is one of fear, distrust, suspicion, and hate. The night is long in Berlin, and the air is cold. It is a city of secrets; its people are the haunted and the hauntings. Truly a city of fearful darkness. Berlin!

This is the Berlin of John le Carré's fantastic novel, **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**. Fantastic is hardly the word for it, as Mr. le Carré writes with a cold, detached realism. He has a fine, taut style and knows whereof he speaks. John le Carré is the pseudonym of a Britisher em-

ployed in one of the Whitehall ministries.) What I mean to say is that Mr. le Carré's novel is something of a phenomenon. Published a year ago in England, **SPY** came into this country like a whirlwind with a wake of glowing reviews. It has been hailed as the spy novel to end all spy novels. Graham Greene acclaimed it as "the best spy story I have ever read," while J. B. Priestley writes: "Superbly constructed, with an atmosphere of chilly hell." In America, **SPY** became a best-seller, went through three printings, and film rights were purchased before its official date of publication. At this writing (not yet a month after publication) **SPY** is in its fifth printing.

Though **SPY** is not by any means the spy novel to end all spy novels—at least we hope not—it is the best I have read since Ian Fleming's **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**. Lest I be mistaken here, I wish to say that I do not make a comparison. Le Carré is more in the tradition of Eric Ambler and Graham Greene. Moreover, this is not merely a superficial, action-packed thriller, even though there is certainly enough action. \*

**SPY** is a tense, exciting novel about an intelligence operation to expose the top spy of East Berlin. Leamas is the fading British agent who becomes involved in an insidious web of intelligence and counter-intelligence. He has been around for a long time, and is selected for this mission (his last assignment before he can "come in from the cold") because of his familiarity with operations in Berlin. Soon, however, Leamas finds himself caught up in a vast network of murder and treachery. He discovers, too late, that he has been used as a cog in a gigantic mechanism. Leamas has become a pawn with a fatal destiny shaped by the anonymous machine. Le Carré weaves a growing bitterness into his novel as the predeterminedism of the action gradually manifests itself. It is here—with the hopelessness of his characters firmly fixed—that le Carré becomes acid.

The almost breath-taking scenes shift from an ominous English countryside to a sinister Berlin peopled with agents and double agents moving in the tense, hostile atmosphere of a city separated by today's cold war. The book explodes in a climax of passion and death against the Berlin Wall.

**SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD** is a graphic picture of people enmeshed in the international conflict and intrigues of the contemporary world. The writing is vivid, while the narrative unfolds with lucidity and a noteworthy economy of words. The dialogue is real and often caustic. It is a sardonic novel of love, hate, irony, and inescapable doom. What's more, it is a first-class, original espionage thriller, with mystery, suspense, and amazing twists throughout.

—CHARLES M. COLLINS

## Baron von Bungle



# GHOSSTAL MAIL

IN MEMORIAM: HANNES BOK — 1914-1964

We had been putting off some of our regular visits lately, due to the mounting pressure of work and family illnesses, and had thus been unsure that our very dear friend, Hannes Bok, had passed away on April 11th of this year until roughly a month and a half after (or we hit the presser with this issue). As a result, it's caught us unexpectedly with little editorial space to do one of the world's best fantasy artists and writers (and one of mankind's sweet souls) full justice. After a year of horrific shocks and profound tragedy, this other blow comes to all who knew him as a most awesome lost. A fitting tribute and eulogy to Hannes is now being prepared for the next issue of *Cof*.

CHARLES F. KANE

Blessed by *Cof*'s expand readers in our secret Castle幽鬼屋 where *Cof* is edited night in and night out, we were at first quite stunned at being disbelieved (blast that blackbeard! Iger! Well, we really shouldn't be too hard on him... see, *Cof* published 6 times yearly would drive most abnormal man mad with joy). The *Cof* addicts asked many questions over and over, until the cete-*couth's* wet, green mafidy walls echoed their strident chest. Then from out of the yawning corridor, a way in back of our clamorous hoard, a grizzled and disturbingly pale old, young man (or was it some nameless evil young old man?) came forth, clutching a flickering candle with melting wax forming a sticky coating around a hand too cleavable to be a hand. His eyes were unusual; the whites were black, and the pupils were white. Raising one hand-like arm in greeting like some mutant Indian, he attempted to form words through foam that frenzed his lips. At first it sounded like muffled bumbling; then, telling him I could not understand what he said, the burble turned into an audible and lucid croak [I Love Lucille]. Quirled the strange creature? [How] that you're coming out blithely, how—how is it at all possible to keep maintaining the same high standards which all others are futilely trying to copy? Noticing a strong field starch of the grave about him, I asked, "Are you helping out your father is any contrary way?" He replied, "No, he's dead already—it's my son and grandson who're gravely employed helping me out." Then, addressing him and the rest of the assembled throng, I said, "Answering your queries as to how we'll maintain our high standards seems at first a waste of time. However, merely the fact that Seven Sister Frankensteins III is on our staff (responsible for *Cof* in many more ways than you can imagine!) should be proof enough, apart from a direct link to Transylvan-*van*. But it is the great-great-grandson of Frankenstein, isn't it? Then, feast your eyes on this [insert *insert*]" he theorized, showing them off an advance copy of #6. Suddenly, things went black for a minute; it seemed as if all the demons from Hell had been let loose in the castle at once. It wasn't long before I realized that my advance copy of #6 had been stolen by the *Cof* modulated throng. "You mad, wonderful fiend fans of *Cof*," yelled I. "Thought that was the only preview copy of *Cof* #6, eh?"



And at that, Iger ran up to me waving another copy, prepared for extraction, and I picked out a hand from a box with snakes instead of hair. It was Medusa, the dread Gorgon that Hammer is now starring — one look at her could viscerally make men turn to stone. From the Gorgon, we learned from such curses for the most part — looking at the Gorgon's head merely stunned them for a few moments. "So let that be a lesson — Medusa is a powerful woman, and Gorgon appears on the neighborhood stands."

After we treated the medusa, hairy crowd to bowls of special Frankenkin Fruit Fluff in few deleks & you start thinking bolts are passing through your head and feet below. Phantom, the evergreen, surprised us. The party by our friend Erik; Drocote phoned sending his congratulations; Cagliostro performed a few special tricks and feats of magic. And then, the Seven Sisters Frankensteins, Greek Borsoski, a number of special Frankensteins. Folk favorites — a few of the selections he's put on a new disk called *SING WITH IGOR*. Then, everyone left our *Cof*幽鬼屋, tired but happy.

YOUR EDITOR.

## FILM CLUB NEWS DEPARTMENT

Sometime it seems that all film club activity takes place mostly around New York City. This is probably untrue—that's why, though over we were listings of clubs from out of town as well. In the meantime, a film club listed in *Cof* for the first time in the last 2nd and 3rd issues should be of special significance to all since it will be largely specializing in the kind of movie material that *Cof* fans like. When referring to THE FILM RESEARCH SOCIETY OF THE MIDWEST, YANKEE, 215 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y., what makes the IRS of special value to all fantasy-horror film fans is that it shows films which are rarely seen. The IRS has recently shown multiplied & cut on TV. *Cof* heartily endorses IRS for its dedication, for making it possible for fans to see complete serials like *QUATRO* (which is a must for all fans of one whole evening); for presenting rare features like the Claude Rains version of *PHAM-TOM OF THE OPERA* . . . *GIRL IN THE MOON* . . . *WHITE ZOMBIE* . . . *THE MUMMY* . . . *DR. T* . . . etc. Name a few! Support you can't do w/o to your nearest mailbox and get your name down on IRS' mailing list at once, address is above.

**THE PETER CUSHING CLUB** is new in session, run by Annette Florence, Elm St., Highland Mills, N. Y. \$1.00 brings an autographed glossy photo of the great actor himself, plus stationery, a club bulletin, club

card, etc. Alex Sano the Inimitable is co-president, who also publishes:

**HORRORS OF THE SCREEN**, c/o Samo, 619 Union Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—11211. Specializes in & loves to write about Hammer Films, the star, and can be reached at 75c per copy—NOT just a "teasing" but a very serious little mag with photos & interesting articles.

**PHOTON**, c/o Monk Frank, 801 Avenue C, Brooklyn, N. Y.—11218. 50c a copy; has detachable stills from films; the current issue is devoted to *Enterprises of the World's Fair*.

**HOUSE OF INFLUENCE SPEAKS**, c/o Tom & John Geddes, 405 E. 5th St., Santa Ana, Calif.—100c a copy, newsletter specializing in news of ANYTHING that could interest the most fanatic Terence fan. See it for rates, info, etc.

**VIEWPOINT**, c/o George Nechaevich, 52 Adrian Ave., New York 62, N. Y. 25c a copy; Criticisms, book reviews & analyses of science fiction. More in-depth than most amateur mag, and well printed.

**DAVE LUDWIG**, 17W 229 Ven. Euren St., Villa Park, Ill., will paltry any kind of portion from stills or personal photos, Reasonable price for samples of Ludwig's work sent on request.

**FANTASY FILMS & THEIR FRIENDS**, c/o Jack R. Jones, 2624 Nunnelly Dr., Oklahoma City, Okla.—100c a copy, 20 pages with many illustrations. A beautifully printed bibliographical checklist of some 1,400 fantasy film titles, including dozens of serials, listing nearly all horror-fantasy action, etc. etc. Best thing of its kind ever published.

## DEFENDING HERCULES

I would like to disagree with your Movie-guide rating of **HERCULES** & **THE CAPTIVE WOMEN**. It was not dull or low-geds. Many people seem to have a misconception of movie-movie spectacles & it's true there have been some bad ones, mostly released by American-International. Beautifully filmed in Vivid Technicolor and color prints of zoom-lens photos used to feature action & visual appeal. It had only one flaw, apart from its slightly inferior dubbing & editing in spots: its title is misleading. It's not about **HERCULES** (Hercules), it's about **ATLANTIS**, for that was the plot's essence. There were only one or two "cohesive women", which shows that the title was probably chosen to attract lots of people for the sake of sex appeal. The action in this film was by no means "poor". The action I've seen better; as for the "grunts, groans" you mentioned, I think you mean the sound of your horse performing such strenuous feats as those in the film. (Yes, but what has gym work & weight lifting got to do with good acting, Ed.) Special-effect-wise, the film is rated as average, a remarkable transformation changes into an assortment of other animals to combat Herc, a girl imbedded in stone, an erupting volcano & other fantastical things about Atlantis. The effects are good, but the acting work on the faces of the superhuman warrioress (who'd show these in *Cof*? Give us a chance, already our files are bulging with even better stills, *MONDO* of Atlanta, where have become large forehead with deep-set eyes which give on uncanny appearance. The lower civilization which dwells in the valley is made up of very ugly mutants, thinks you good-looking. You've been beaten, then the bark, but I've also seen worse. At best, this film is a slightly better than routine, of worse, it's still better than "dull" or "low-grade".

While watching the Academy Awards yesterday night, it was shown to see **CHOP-PATRA** win the Oscar for the best special effects. (We were, too—Ed.) **THE BIRDS** was the only other nominee for the title & it lost. It took much more painstaking work & ingenuity to film birds attacking humans in



**Kenneth Carroll** as he appears in Anthony Brzezinski's amateur production, **HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN**, to be featured in our next issue.

**THE EBBOTS** then it did to superimpose a close-up of Cleopatra over a scene of Caesar's assassination. Just because a particular scene is very dramatic doesn't mean the special effects are outstanding. Good special effects are those that are completely transparent; they take place there are at least four of the ordinary, fantastic, weird, incredible, unbelievable. I don't think **CLEOPATRA** deserved this award, though. The best special effects I saw this year came from **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** and **OAT OF THE TRIFFIDS** weren't nominated! That's right — they weren't even considered! That burns me up every time I see it. Last year, **STAR WARS**, **STAR TREK**, **Starman**, or **George Pell's**, or **Walt Disney's great special effects** were ignored! Last year the Special Effects Oscar went to **THE LONGEST DAY**, naturally, which was a good film, but not one of the great special effects (and both came from **1969 Century-Fox**! **Coldaccident**! — Ed.), but somehow I didn't picture them in the special effects category! Fortunately, **The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences** seems to be the only ones to ignore films with good special effects. A recent issue of **CINEMA** magazine held **JASON** for outstanding effects by Harryhausen, defending it against a ridiculously critical **NEW YORKER**, written by one ignorant reviewer who obviously knew nothing about moviemaking.

Glad to know CoF is going bimonthly. You have several features your competitors lack, & though I don't always agree with all your film criticisms, it still makes for stimulating reading.

John Mallet, 1630 Twining Dr., Kankakee,  
Illinoia.

**BELA, FRYE, CHICKEN & BUNNY**

I read somewhere that Bela Lugosi had a screen credit for the movie, **FANTASIA**, and would like to know for what. Did they use his voice? Did he direct or write a certain scene? Would also like to read something about the life of Colin Clive and Dwight Frye. To show my appreciation, I'll let you use the original photo.

Question — What does Big Lugosi have for dinner? Answer: Chicken in the Casket!

Ivan Runny, 4950 Marine Drive, Chicago,  
—80640.

teries and Lupino authority William K. Everson about the FANTASIA BH, & he feels this story is another movie myth, such as one that's been going around about the Monster being supposedly buried in FRANK-STEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN (which sentimental fans has often put us on a coverup to Legosi's ill-suited part). Simple observation proves that he could "act" with complete credits on "try" coming up very soon.

## CORRECTION

I really like your magazine, but I have just one small correction. **BLOOD & ROSES'** French title, **ET MOUILLER OU PLASIR**, is correctly translated as **AND TO ONE OF PLEASE**. Undoubtedly derived from the Latin **Litteris, et amissione, sexus, spakby the vampires.** "I live in your warm life, and you shall die—die, sweetly die—into mine." Incidentally, director Roger Vadim wanted the French title for the film to be **LES SANG ET LES ROSES** (**BLOOD & ROSES**), but only got his wish in the English translation.

Gary Roman, Philadelphia, Penn.

BUYING COLLECTOR

I am always on the lookout for original pre-1954 stills of horror-science-fiction-fantasy films (also interested in some post-50's, but not too many & not as a regular diet); will buy almost any quantity provided prices are within reason. I don't want mediocre reproductions of originals. Also interested in pre-1954 horror novels—hardcovers (as long as prices are sensible). Also, I will see 1944 horror-western pulp mag—Maverick Ge Monson, Box 183, Ridgefield, New Jersey.

You'll notice we're using a particular variety of special face type in this issue's GHOSTLY MAIL. Some may become disenchanted while many of you may like this, especially since it seems being able to fit in more of your readers' letters, poems and stories. So, please let us know (particularly by writing) if you like the idea of using this face, or a longer style (which may at first seem pretentious looking but will also mean fewer letters, names, etc.).

Wrapping things up, we shan't leave yet without mentioning names and wants of

some of the worthies who couldn't get into the regular part of the letter column, but who nevertheless deserve being mentioned:

Ronald Scarborough, 2919 Beals, Detroit 4, Mich., is an avid collector of curse & of books on vampires, witchcraft, voodoo, etc. He'll pay up to \$25.00 for authentic Egyptian amulets; also, Indian arrowheads, etc.  
Else Read calls herself The Countess of Alucard these days at 319 Howard St., Coney Island, Calif., likes to draw, write & does some acting. She's been writing for the Wolfman, "Drapet" Club has been going on for around 2 years, would like new members contact Hank Perkins, 1444 Redondo Ave., Soft City, Calif. The Drapet Club, Coney Island, N.Y., 2033 Franklin Ave., Baltimore, Maryland, 21206—interested mostly in pen-pals, Betty Lovage [see item #26], 100 Person St., Denver, Colo., 80210—has a book on article or some photos on Minerva Unearthed in T. C. G. Grant is charging 25¢ each for 6 stories of the Creature, Wolfman and Mummy and other monsters who can form the basis for which you can charge about a million! T. C.'s at 810 W. White Oak, Independence, Mo.  
Also letters from Heather Hestor, 16, Colthorpe Close, West Eborham, Norwich, Norfolk, England; and from Mrs. J. R. H. Hartington Rd East, Feltham, Middlesex, England.  
Chris Cather, 15 French St., Paddington, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.  
John D. Edwards, 100-102 High St., Peckham, Kent, England.  
W. J. Merton, 8 Skene Street, St. John's, Worcester, England.  
D. E. Edgington, 14 Creasing Rd., Witham, Essex, England.  
John Stone, R. #4, Bristol, England.  
John L. Jones, 100-102 High St., Worcester, England.  
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10548  
Scott Baker, 311 E. Gladys Dr., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.  
And lost but for team least,  
veteran Col master and lugay son, G. R.  
22 Canterbury St., East Hartford 8,  
Conn.

There's also one more address, and it's where you send Ghastly Mail: Box 43 — Hudson Heights — North Bergen, N. J. — 07048.

Next Issue: CoF INTERVIEWS ALFRED HITCHCOCK in another CoF exclusive!!

Even napkins are getting into the monster act these days. Here is a reproduction from a Fort Howard Paper Company "Party Time" cocktail napkin.





# MOVIE REVIEWS



Decapitation by axe seems to be a currently popular theme; this form of gory thrill is featured in both *DEMENTIA 13* and *STRAIT-JACKET*. *STRAIT-JACKET* is, of course, the major production with the big build up, familiar producer-director William Castle, and famous star Joan Crawford, but the other film ultimately stands up as a better production.

The press sheets at the preview of *STRAIT-JACKET* said that after seeing the coding, viewers will want to see the film again to see if any scenes "cheated." I doubt if many viewers would want to go through such needless torture, especially since the denouement is fairly obvious throughout most of the film, and one can see that, in a sense, there was some "cheating." (The good surprise-ending film depends on a number of scenes which seem to lead to a false ending, but which would also seem perfectly natural in a new way to a person who knew the final outcome. *STRAIT-JACKET* had some scenes that, while not actually contradicting the conclusion, did not play well in a person who knew who the murderer was.)

The point is that the press sheets were suggesting that the main attraction of the film was "trick ending." Even more significantly, the ads suggested that *STRAIT-JACKET'S* main attraction is crude direct gore and sadism, with the ad-line "Warning! *STRAIT-JACKET* vividly depicts axe murders!"

In between the murders, the production is as half-hearted as a tired burlesque comedian killing time between the stripper's numbers. Only during the "shock" sequences do things come to life; camera and lighting values become competent, the editing becomes tight and craftsmanlike, and the sound reaches its creative peaks.

Joan Crawford struggles with the script and the hack dialogue, but does not come near her great performance in *WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE?* Except for George Kennedy, who gives an interesting performance as a sinister hired hand, the rest of the cast is pretty weak.



*DEMENTIA 13* has a very similar hack plot-line, but director Francis Coppola did not treat it as a "gimmick" film but as an atmosphere film with much better results. He has used the opportunity of actual location shooting in Ireland to give the movie a rich visual quality not often found in quickies of this nature. The locations, a giant rambling estate house with expansive lawns and a murky pond, gardens with crumbling archways and little ruined statues, and endless rough-hewn basement tunnelsways have the details of reality and solid construction which lends a certain air of credibility to this story of a rich family with an unsavory past. Gothic lighting brings from deep shadows new textures in the settings, a fluid camera also helps in creating atmosphere.

Most of the important action occurs near the pond at night. The film opens with a completely black screen, with only a rowboat visible. The coroner, one of the family's sons, has a sudden heart attack, and his wife (Luana Anders) fearing she will be disbelieved if he is known to be dead, unmercifully dumps him into the drink, and tosses his transistor radio in after him, which gurgles rock-and-roll to the bottom, putting the final creative touch on an excitingly visual sequence.

It is soon revealed that the family's only daughter had drowned in the same pond while still a child, some ten years previously, and her still grieving mother (Ethan Dunn) insists upon an annual restaging of the funeral. Most of the family's history is told, not in flashback, but by one of the family's sons; Bart Paxton gives these quite a convincing reading. (In the one brief flashback sequence, the child actor who plays Bart Paxton as a boy looks remarkably like him, and it seems strange that greater advantage wasn't taken of this.)

Luana Anders soon attempts to use Ethan Dunn's devotion to her dead daughter to get herself included in the will. But before she can succeed, the mysterious feet so often seen in other mystery and horror films begin to stalk her. The feet (and the rest of the strangler, complete with axe) meet up with her at the pond at night. But not before she's had a chance to discover an underwater grave, complete with corpse, of the long drowned daughter—an eerie scene reminiscent of *NIGHT OF THE HUNTER*.

The family doctor (played with a peculiar but effective style by Patrick MacGee) questions some local Irish bit part actors (which improve the atmospheric flavor of the film a great deal), and finally wraps up the case. But before he reveals the PSYCHO-like ending, the audience has its share of the macabre, including one scene uncomfortably similar to *STRAIT-JACKET* of a dismembered head that rolls along the ground into the pond at night.

Produced and directed by Roger Corman, in color, with script by Ray Russell, and starring Ray Milland and a good supporting cast, *X, THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES* is obviously an interesting project. It seems as though at times there was an attempt to create a minor classic of the genre. The ending, particularly, with its unusual almost philosophical view into the center of the universe, remains one of the end of *THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN*. The carnival scenes, the basement healing center, have a poetic quality about them which one senses was meant to envelop the film as a whole.

But too often *X* drifts into the area of the routine program film. Hack dialogue and situations (Milland's X-ray eyes see guests nude at a party, a sort of cleaned-up PARADISO) are too frequent, and the special effects are too flimsy (a species less distorts and refracts for X-ray vision a colorful but monotonous) to raise this film above the ordinary.

—John Benson

Doubtless, various areas of psychosis, madness and perversion (since they exist in science, in fact and since the beginning of recorded history) would make unending grist for the horror movie mills. Question is: will a number of fly-by-night outfitts jump in and kill the golden goose before it has much of a chance at laying golden eggs, by the exploitation of filthy garbage, or will talent and brains have a chance in running things? Looking into the past history of the movie industry doesn't really offer one much to grow optimistic over.

Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that horror-sex-deviation can be somewhat creatively blended in an effort like *MILL OF THE STONE WOMEN* which, with whatever it lacks in story values, it capably makes up through other rather surprisingly high-quality production standards. Photography (in gorgeous color) was done on location, apparently along the canals and by the windmills of the Netherlands. Hardly a great film, it has a mood and atmosphere all of its own making it a most unique and impressive production.

—Nicholas Morgan





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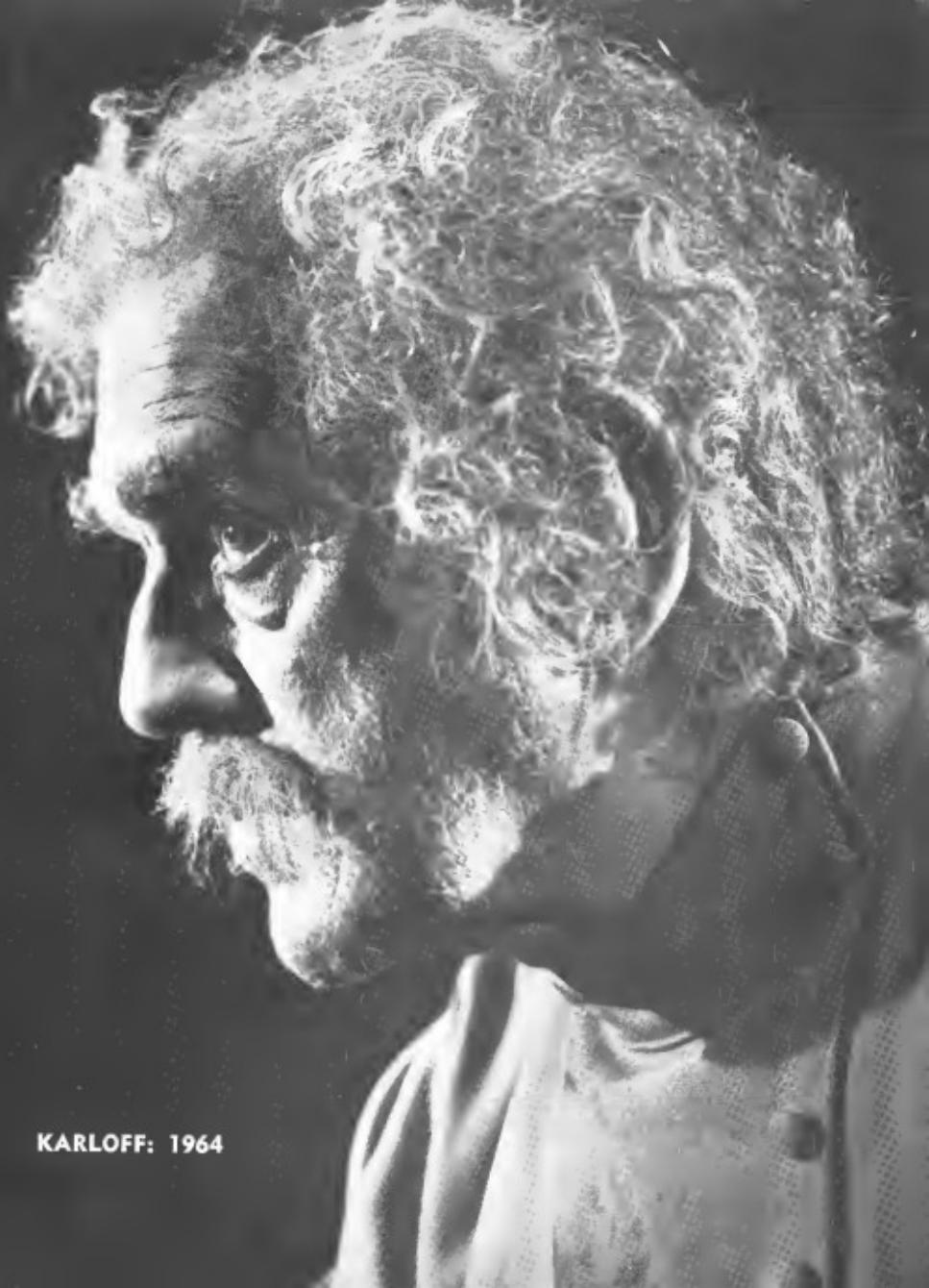
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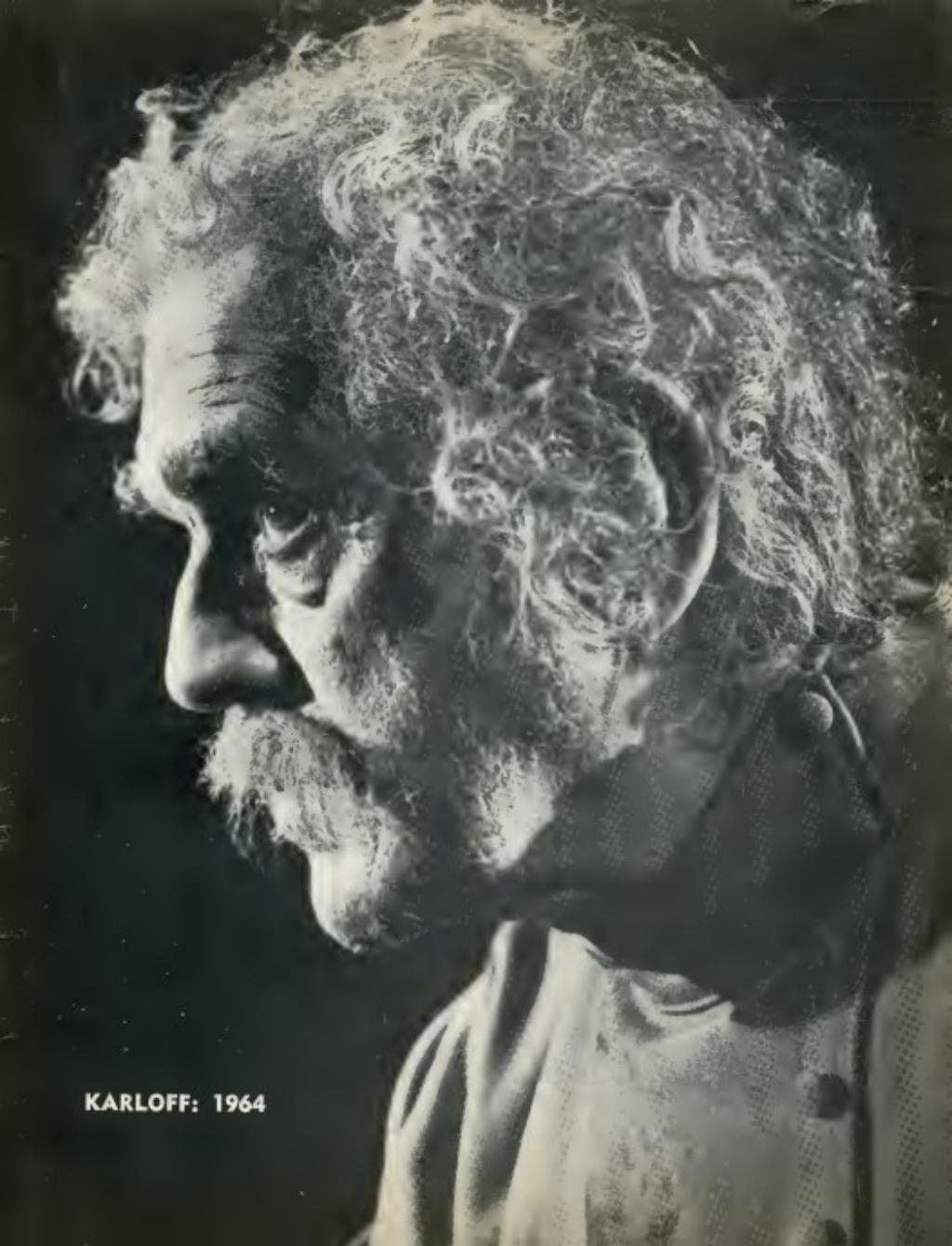
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